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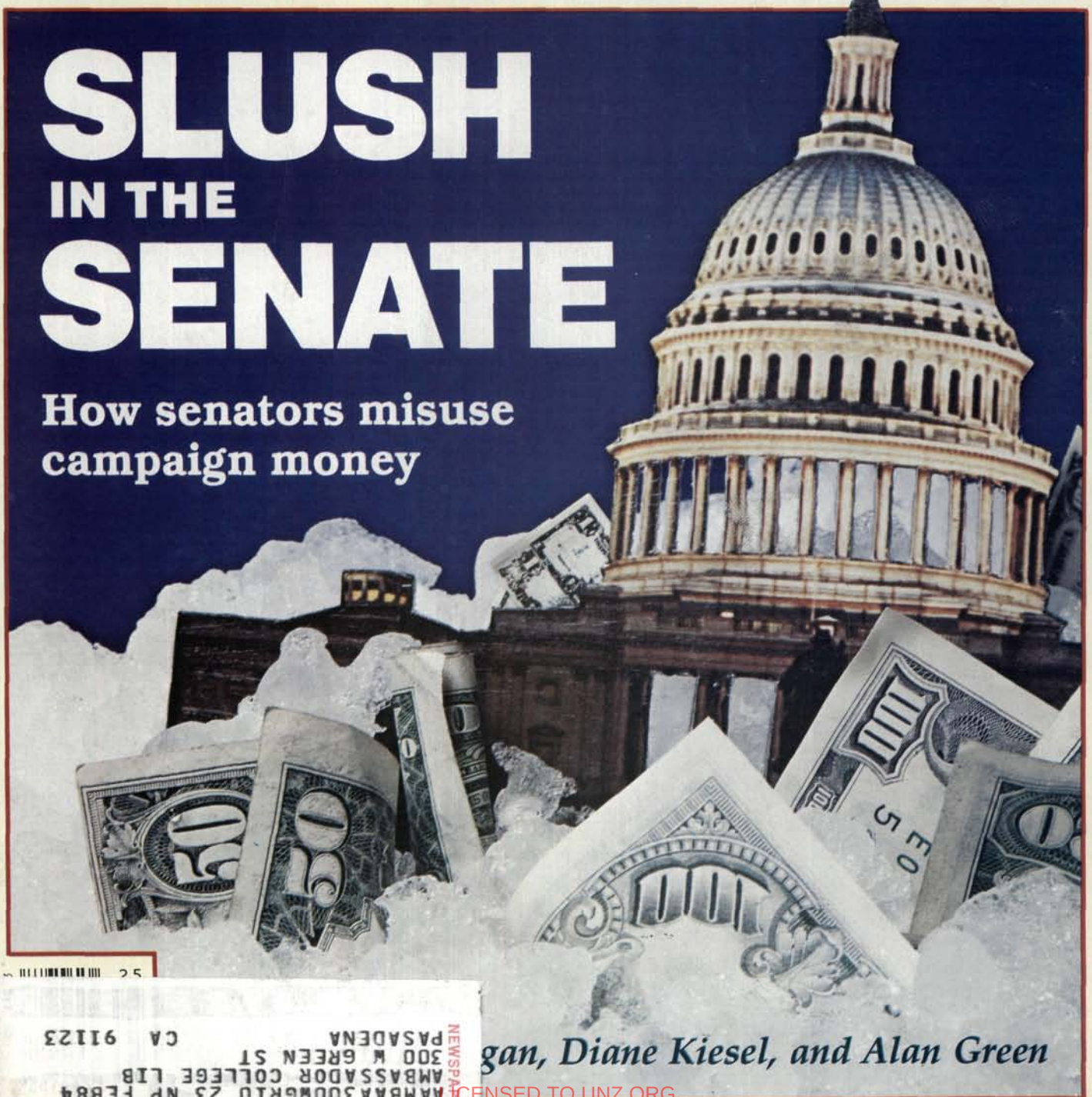
THE NEW REPUBLIC



SLUSH IN THE SENATE

How senators misuse campaign money

gan, Diane Kiesel, and Alan Green

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE COZY MIDDLE

To the editors:

THE NEW REPUBLIC's editorial, "The Central American Wars" (May 23), seems marred by posturing. You cast President Reagan's view as one extreme, Senator Dodd's as another, and leave TNR in the cozy middle.

The differences among the three views are ideological in origin. Mr. Reagan's is cold war, 1950s American, and complete with fables about places he's never personally known. Mr. Dodd's is Peace Corps, 1960s, American, and has been fashioned by personal experience and some recognition of historical facts.

TNR's ideology, as far as Central America is concerned, seems not informed by knowledge acquired in situ. Otherwise, you would know what madness it is to suggest the peaceful reform of Salvadoran or Guatemalan security forces, or of the oligarchical interests they serve. Were you a Guatemalan or Salvadoran suggesting such reforms, you would be murdered, forced to flee the country, or forced to join the very guerrillas you say we should challenge militarily.

You have been far too quick to label the guerrillas as Marxist-Leninist puppets. Please find the line between the power-hungry and totalitarian among the left, and the people who have been driven against their will to fight a murderous tyranny.

TONY MOSS
Madison, Wisconsin

HANOI'S TERROR CAMPAIGN

To the editors:

THE NEW REPUBLIC is to be congratulated for drawing attention to the atrocious behavior of the Vietnamese Colonial Army in Cambodia ("The New Indochina War," TNR, June 6). Although I believe that the bulk of Al Santoli's moving account is accurate, he has nevertheless erred in the paragraph in which he cites an alleged passage from an article I wrote for *The New York Times*.

Although I did publish an Op-Ed piece on Cambodia in the *Times* (December 15, 1982), the passage Santoli attributes to me did not appear in that article. Instead it bears strong resemblance to a passage from another article I wrote for *Commentary* ("Vietnam Under Communism," September 1982).

Mr. Santoli is also in error in the same paragraph when he states that after Vietnam's invasion of Cambodia "representatives of relief agencies were denied access to the countryside." In fact, selected relief workers and political activists were allowed to visit some rural areas, but only those areas under the secure control of the colonial authorities. It should be noted, parenthetically, that in return for "access" to Cambodia, these relief workers were expected not to criticize Hanoi or its puppet regime. Several representatives of these agencies—in particular those from the Church World Service, the American Friends' Service Committee, and Oxfam—subsequently bent over backwards to try and cover up Hanoi's responsibility for the 1979-80 famine, and tried to put a humanitarian face on Hanoi's brutal aggression.

Although part of Mr. Santoli's historical analysis can be faulted, the main part of his article—his eyewitness account of Hanoi's contemporary terror campaign against Cambodian civilians—is consistent with all the evidence from other credible sources, in particular from NBC's marvelous Austrialian Bangkok correspondent, Neal Davis. And Mr. Santoli's admiration for the courage of the beleaguered non-Communist resistance forces of Son Sann and Sihanouk, so shamefully neglected by the United States, is a sentiment I share.

STEPHEN J. MORRIS
New York, New York

THE ORIGINS OF INSULIN

To the editors:

Nicholas Wade's point of disagreement in his otherwise appreciative review of my book, *The Discovery of Insulin* ("A Scientific Quest," TNR, April 18), is based on a misunderstanding of events. He believes that Banting and Best should have had the Nobel Prize for the discovery because "they are the sole authors of the paper announcing it." As Banting and Best found when they presented that first paper, their crude, preliminary experiments were inadequate to convince anyone but themselves that they had made a major discovery. The paper that was accepted and hailed as the announcement of the discovery of insulin (delivered in Washington on May 3, 1922) was signed by seven authors, including J.J.R. Macleod.

It is a misreading of my book to state that Macleod overemphasized his role in talking to a Danish scientist, and in any case I am surprised that Wade believes a Nobel Prize ought to be the sole possession of the men who, in his phrase, serve as "catalysts" for a discovery.

MICHAEL BLISS
Toronto, Canada

Mr. Wade replies:

It was right to rehabilitate Macleod, but Mr. Bliss has gone overboard. Banting and Best's priority paper gives them just that, whether or not anyone believed them at the time. Bliss's own evidence makes clear that Macleod's inside track to the Nobel Committee prevented Best's role from being fairly considered.

CHURCH AUTHORITY

To the editors:

As a Roman Catholic religious educator who has been intimately involved with the institutional Church as it functions in the United States, I found Abraham Brumberg's article, "The Church Unmilitant" (TNR May 23), to be politically astute, if a bit theologically naive. The Church has long maintained, as an article of faith, that it is the "real symbol" of God on earth, by which it means that it, *as an institution*, is *the* channel through which God's grace is transmitted to man. If one accepts this assumption, then any policy that ensures the survival of the institutional Church is morally justifiable. But as Mr. Brumberg pointed out, what if the policy so compromises principle as to be destructive of the faith upon which that faith is based? Would that not be a violation of the Church's mission? Not according to the circuitous reasoning of the Church, because how can an institution that perceives itself to be the expression of God on earth possibly compromise the faith?

The primary concern of the Church hierarchy is that of every other bureaucracy—to perpetuate itself and its authority. The only difference is that, unlike secular institutions, which can

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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FROM WASHINGTON

SCENES FROM THE SUMMIT

From the beginning, it was obvious that the economic summit conference at Williamsburg would be a success if it could just manage to avoid being a disaster. The disputatious Versailles summit last year, after all, had set a standard that even mere platitudes could surpass.

There was much strutting for the benefit of television viewers back home. Prime Minister Thatcher, looking cocky, seemed primed to reap benefits in her election campaign. Chancellor Kohl ambled about Williamsburg like an amiable bear. Prime Minister Trudeau, sporting his panama hat at the arrival ceremonies, had the self-possession to be blunt about arms control. "We should be busting our bloody asses for peace," he told his colleagues.

President Reagan, standing to gain the most politically, made nice with the allies by backing off his threats to wage economic war with the Russians. He had crammed like a college student for his role as summit moderator—and then found the course to be a gut. Only the president of the French Republic seemed to want to be someplace else. Grumpy and stiff, Mr. Mitterrand doodled and complained about the photographers. How out-of-it can you get? Cameras are what summits are all about.

It was for the benefit of cameras that the summit leaders arrived in gleaming green-and-white Marine helicopters and transferred to horse-drawn carriages. They conferred where Thomas Jefferson once lived, and where Patrick Henry railed against the British Crown. They feasted on Craig Claiborne's menu of deep-fried catfish, stuffed chilies, Louisiana gumbo, and shoofly pie. And on Sunday they sat in an old brick church to which the House of Burgesses, upon hearing that the British Parliament had closed the port of Boston, had repaired in 1774 for a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. On that day the residents of Williamsburg had sought "divine interposition for averting the heavy Calamity which threatens destruction to our Civil Rights, and the Evils of Civil War."

In 1983, however, the only kind of interposition tolerated at Williamsburg was electronic. You had to watch the ersatz colonial pageantry on television, on one of the monitors that were everywhere in the huge, fetid basketball stadium where the White House had set up a press center. Reporters scampered about the center like cockroaches, feeding on free greasy hamburgers, plastic-wrapped pastries, and other delights. Does Craig Claiborne have a sadistic brother in the fast-food business?

The Williamsburg summit reflected the influence of its host in more ways than the White House might admit. The "reality" of the conference, we were told, lay in the words the leaders had wrought. Seven mortal men and one mortal woman with pen in hand, just like our colonial forbears.

After the statements were issued, everybody scrambled to figure out what they meant. On the big economic issues, it turned out, they agreed to pursue the same varied and even contradictory policies they had been pursuing all along. They pledged, for instance, to reduce budget deficits and interest rates, but Mr. Reagan's people allowed afterward that he had been doing that already. They wrung their hands over protectionism and the Third World's debt, but reassured themselves that these menaces would disappear just as soon as the economy got rolling. That's been Mr. Reagan's line for two years.

The summit participants were more persuasive in arguing for the significance of their statement of solidarity on arms control and Euromissile deployment. Secretary of State Shultz told a packed press briefing that this marked the first time the Japanese and the French had signed on formally to the European deployment scheme and the American negotiating position.

Reporters expressed skepticism that this was anything new. "The fact that to some extent you seem to greet this as old stuff, perhaps, is reassuring," Mr. Shultz retorted, calm but sarcastic. "I'm glad to hear you recognize how important it is that we be strong," he went on, his voice rising. "I'm glad to hear that you feel people recognize how reasonable we are. I'm glad to hear that you see that we truly are in favor of arms reduction."

This was not the Oxford Union he was addressing. It was a collection of slack-jawed, mussy-haired reporters who had been waiting seven hours for Mr. Shultz to appear. Then it became apparent why he was so cranky. "Where's Secretary Regan?" he asked his aides, looking for someone to bail him out of the briefing. "I'm the only guy in the place that didn't get any lunch because I was trying to redraft this stuff. I need a cracker or something."

Before Williamsburg began, White House and State Department officials told reporters that Mr. Reagan had no intention of seeking a new commitment from the allies on missiles. This was to be an economic summit, they said; anyhow, the President already knows where his friends stand on the subject. It wasn't long before that line gave way to the word that Mr. Reagan had really wanted a missile statement all along, and that achieving one was a major triumph.

Another bit of chicanery seemed striking at the summit. That was Mr. Reagan's contention that this would be a conference where the participants, not their aides, controlled the agenda and wrote the communiqué. In fact, the bulk of the summit declaration on economic issues had been drafted well in advance by W. Allen Wallis, Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs. The day after the summit, Mr. Reagan assured reporters that he had succeeded in a brand-new approach. Unlike previous summit declarations, he said, Williamsburg's was not "written in advance, before you'd had the discussions." Maybe Mr. Reagan's aides didn't have the heart to tell him the truth.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
JUNE 20, 1983

THIS THATCHER'D ISLE

No doubt Ronald Reagan envies Margaret Thatcher's prerogative to call a new election at the moment of her choosing. And no doubt, given that prerogative, President Reagan, like Prime Minister Thatcher, would choose to run this year rather than next. In 1983 an economic recovery is under way. By 1984 we will know whether or not it has lasted. In 1983 the unemployment rate is going down, and, as a result, many who have jobs have stopped worrying, and many who don't have started hoping. By 1984 uncertainty and despair may have reasserted themselves. In 1983 the final returns are not yet in on supply-side economics. By 1984 they will be.

Mrs. Thatcher has chosen right now as the moment to seek a new mandate. The proud memory of Britain's victory in the Falklands still lingers. There is evidence of an economic upturn. Inflation is down to 4 percent. But as in the U.S., there is reason to suspect that Britain's recovery will not continue, so Mrs. Thatcher is moving to retain power while the indicators are still up. In this way she has an advantage over Mr. Reagan. In the same way, American voters have an advantage over British voters. When we vote next year, we will know whether Reaganomics has been worth the suffering and injustice it has caused.

And yet, for all that they do not know about what the future holds, British voters do know what suffering Mrs. Thatcher's economic program has produced. Just over 6 percent of Britain's work force was jobless when she was elected in 1979; now the rate has reached 13.5 percent, and it is still rising. Mrs. Thatcher has tried to blame unemployment on the world recession, but the average unemployment rate in the industrial world is only 8.5 percent.

The disturbing fact is that even though Mrs. Thatcher has produced the worst unemployment since the Depression, she will almost certainly not only win on June 9, she will win by a landslide. The latest surveys show her Conservatives ahead with 47 percent of the voters polled, followed by Labour with 33 percent and the Social Democratic Liberal Alliance with 19 percent, enough for a Tory majority in Parliament of a hundred seats. Given the victory of the Christian Democratic Union in West Germany last March on a platform of retrenchment similar to Mrs. Thatcher's, might this mean that the industrial democracies are willing to tolerate higher levels of unemployment than ever before—and to reward politicians who talk more about industrial efficiency than about compassion? Might it even mean that President Reagan could win in 1984 regardless of the success or failure of Reaganomics?

Well, a good deal seems to depend upon the opposition. In Germany the Social Democratic Party, which had been in power for more than a decade, had shown faltering discipline in controlling public spending and was increasingly in thrall to its left wing, especially on issues of nuclear weapons and East-West relations. The same is extravagantly true in Great Britain, where the Labour Party produced an election manifesto that one top party leader called "the longest suicide note ever written." The manifesto declares that "within days of taking office, Labour will begin to implement an emergency program of action, to bring about a complete change of direction for Britain"—which is to say, another complete reversal from the conservative turn instituted when Mrs. Thatcher took over in 1979. Labour's program calls for "a massive program for expansion" of the economy, "a major increase in public investment," "a huge program of construction," "a crash program of employment and training," "a five-year national plan" for rebuilding industry, and so on. Also "a new partnership with the trade unions" that calls for controls on prices but not on wages. "Our aim," says the manifesto, "is a fundamental and irreversible shift in the balance of power and wealth in favor of working people and their families." The document makes it clear that the workers' power will be exercised through the unions, not by the workers as individuals: "We will give new statutory rights to workers—through their trade unions—on information, consultation, and representation within their companies." Labour wants to re-nationalize industries that Mrs. Thatcher de-nationalized. It also wants to reverse the Tory policy of tenant purchase of public housing

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and to withdraw charitable status for private schools, which Labour considers "a major obstacle to a free and fair education system."

Labour's domestic policy reeks of a musty, morbid Marxism. Its foreign policy smells of fearful moral exhaustion. It wants to pull Britain out of the Common Market because, Labour's manifesto declares, its "radical socialist policies" would be incompatible with E.E.C. membership. Labour would keep Britain in NATO, but would refuse to serve as a base for NATO nuclear forces, especially U.S. cruise missiles and missile-firing submarines. There is a raging dispute within Labour as to whether Britain should keep its existing Polaris submarines as long as the Soviet Union possesses nuclear weapons, or give up the independent British nuclear deterrent unilaterally.

The Tory manifesto's declarations on foreign policy are comparatively coherent and realistic: "For nearly four decades, Europe has been at peace. The strength of the Western Alliance has kept our own freedoms secure. The possession of nuclear weapons by both sides has been an effective deterrent to another war in Europe," and so on. The Tories say that they "fully support the negotiations to reduce the deployment of nuclear weapons, but we will not gamble with our defense." Mrs. Thatcher takes no guff from the Soviet Union, any more than from the labor unions, the public sector workers, the Irish hunger strikers, or the Argentine generals. She is one tough customer. But she is also tough on the unemployed, offering them little hope or comfort as she tries free-market remedies to chronic industrial problems. The answer to unemployment, she said in her manifesto, "is not bogus social contracts and government overspending. Both, in the end, destroy jobs. The only way to a lasting reduction in unemployment is to make the right products at the right prices, supported by good services. The government's role is to keep inflation down and offer real incentives for enterprise. As we win back customers, so we win back jobs." All very brisk and bracing, but there's not much heart in it.

Mrs. Thatcher has won the respect, if not the affection, of a surprisingly large slice of the British working class. And her Labour rival has not given her much to worry about. Michael Foot is a fine literary journalist (his most recent piece for THE NEW REPUBLIC, an essay on Daniel Defoe, appeared in the August 4 & 11, 1981 issue), but he is wholly implausible as a potential Prime Minister. He has proved unable either to discipline his party's left or to keep the allegiance of its right. His last visit to the U.S. was in 1954, which is also the approximate vintage of the kind of insular, wooly, little-England socialism he represents. There seems little doubt that if the Labour opposition had a more effective leader and a better program than unilateral disarmament and checkbook socialism, Mrs. Thatcher would not be so certain of victory, notwithstanding the Falklands victory and her ability to call the elections.

Given the alternatives, it is surprising that the self-consciously moderate Social Democratic Liberal Alliance has not done better. One reason may lie in the class polarization of British society. The Alliance does not take sides in the class war; vaguely suburban, it is a creature of neither the trade unions nor the stately homes, and hopes to bridge them. It has been ridiculed as the Nice People's Party; and the present, it seems, is a moment in British history when no one particularly feels like being nice.

This is a shame, because the Alliance's program has much to recommend it. The Social Democrats and Liberals favor additional public spending of about $4.5 billion to reduce unemployment. Labour calls for $16.5 billion and the Tories, nothing beyond the current $3 billion for retraining. The Alliance favors an anti-inflation incomes policy directed at both wages and prices, while the Tories favor no such policy and Labour wants controls on business but "free collective bargaining" for unions. Like the Tories, the Alliance wants union elections and strike votes to be conducted by secret ballot. Like Labour, the Alliance favors government sponsorship of industrial innovation—but not the hard state planning advocated by Labour. The Alliance wants to keep those nationalized industries under government ownership, but not reacquire those that Mrs. Thatcher has sold off. Instead of huge increases in social spending (as favored by Labour) or none, the Alliance advocates a kind of family assistance plan to supplement incomes with cash grants. It wants to stay in the Common Market and accepts the need for NATO nuclear weapons, though it will not commit to basing U.S. cruise missiles in Britain. It favors keeping Britain's Polaris submarine missile force, but would not deploy the successor Tridents, as the Tories would.

Oh! that we might Tarry yet awhile, Dear Maggie, in this tranquil Corner of Preferr'd Sanity; that we might discuss Other Issues of Mutual Interest to our various Ministries
Aye! to share our Thoughts in Cordial Discourse on the Pestilence of Third World Relations, Civile Rights, and the Slavery Unemployed — and to Conspire in Bless'd Harmony against the Evil Russian Menace
Being a Cartoon drawn in a Manner befitting the Policies of Certain Flummoxery in Colonial Williamsburg.
JIM BORGMAN

CARTOON BY JIM BORGMAN

Besides being handicapped by standing as a centrist party in a nation being relentlessly pulled to the poles, the Alliance is new and of untested vote-getting power. In contrast to most European parliamentary systems, which generally have some form of proportional representation, the British system—like the American—is made up of winner-take-all constituencies. British voters don't like to throw their votes away any more than Americans do, which is why third parties do so poorly in both countries. The Alliance's problem is that it can't succeed if people think it will fail, and as of now that is exactly

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what people think. That is why all twenty-nine of the Social Democratic Party's seats in Parliament, including those of its top leaders, Roy Jenkins, David Owen, and Shirley Williams, are in danger.

It is not our business to endorse candidates in other countries, but we can say who we are rooting for. The Tory Party's heart is too hard, and Labour's head is too soft. We hope that the Liberal-S.D.P. Alliance will do more than survive; we hope it will prosper. We do not imagine that it can win, but conceivably it could narrow Mrs. Thatcher's majority or even force her into coalition government.

No matter how large the Tory victory turns out to be, and no matter how great the political similarities between the British Prime Minister and the American President, no one should assume that the President is headed for reelection next year regardless of economic performance. After all, Mrs. Thatcher's Latin American war is behind her; Mr. Reagan's has scarcely begun. For all the complaining about its lack of direction, the Democratic opposition here is far from being in the abysmal shape of the Labour Party. And America is not nearly as polarized as Britain. Here there is a reasonable chance for reasonable liberals and social democrats not just to survive, but to win.

Civil Rights Caper

"A pretty good hatchet job has been done on us." This pithy elocution was uttered about the condition of civil rights under the Reagan Administration, but it was not uttered by a black person, who might have had a point. It was uttered by the President. He does not understand the derision he has met in the black community, and in the community of its liberal friends. Lifting a platitude from the lexicon of political science, Mr. Reagan declared that the problem is a "perception." "If we could get the truth to them," he said, the blacks of America would see with whom their interests really lie. Well, they have the truth, or at least the lion's share of it, and their derision is justified. The problem is not a perception. It is a reality.

Consider the Bob Jones caper. Since 1970 the Internal Revenue Service had denied tax exemption to racially segregated schools. Not a terribly controversial thing, you would have thought. Enter the Reagan Administration, for which even the extension of the Voting Rights Act was a controversial thing. On January 8, 1982, the President upon whom the hatchet job has been done suddenly reversed the I.R.S.'s policy, causing good cheer in the offices of Representative Trent Lott and Senator Strom Thurmond and all the other evangelical and conservative notables whose crudeness in the matter of civil rights is a perfect illustration of the contradiction that sometimes crops up between morality and religion. Mr. Reagan bragged to reporters that he was himself "the originator of the whole idea." In any case, the Supreme Court has now embarrassed the President by ruling that "the whole idea" stinks, that it is incompatible with the idea of equality and with the incarnations of that idea in American law. Bob Jones University will have to pay respect or pay taxes, as will more than one hundred other such sinister schools.

"We will obey the law," the President plaintively responded. The Reverend Bob Jones III responded less plaintively. "Our nation from this day forward is no better than Russia insofar as expecting the blessing of God is concerned," he thundered. (Now that is neutralism.) Meanwhile conservative columnists leaped into print with complaints of judicial activism. It is for Congress, they said, and not for the Court, to take back the tax exemption from institutions that discriminate. This was the President's ploy, too. Congress correctly refused to oblige; there are already laws on the books that deny the likes of Bob Jones University the tax loophole. Still, our conservative colleagues are not content that racism will no longer be rewarded. George Will wrote rather ponderously of "leavening America's pluralism with groups that challenge settled, established policy" and of "the decay of representative institutions." R. Emmet Tyrell Jr. agreed that "ten years after Watergate liberals are our greatest threat to the rule of law." This is casuistry, all of it. America's pluralism is not about to collapse because contributions to Bob Jones University come from taxable income, and neither are representative institutions. Nor does it threaten the rule of law to ask the I.R.S. to comply with the law. It is precisely this kind of heartless hectoring about the rule of law, rather, that makes it lose the respect of the justifiably resentful members of society. Like the President, these gentlemen should not be surprised if they give the impression that they care about racism, but about other things rather more.

CONSIDER NEXT the Civil Rights Commission caper. Mr. Reagan has gone and fired three of its six members and put in their places three distinguished and thoughtful critics of affirmative action. We appreciate the philosophical, political, and cultural dangers of quotas. We do not quarrel with the proposition that an opponent of quotas can also be an opponent of the oppression of blacks, as the career of a man like Morris Abram demonstrates. What we do quarrel with is the President's idea of the commission's role. It was not created to represent the views of the government of the day; it was created to evaluate the effectiveness of federal programs. No member has ever been fired before; in the past, Presidents have appointed new members only as old ones leave. The commission, in other words, has been a quasi-independent body, designed to take the measure of any Administration's conformity to the civil rights laws enacted by Congress. Not surprisingly, it has acted as a thorn in the side of many Administrations since its founding in 1957. The commission is supposed to be the conscience of the federal government in the question of civil rights.

President Eisenhower, who established the commission in the wake of Little Rock, said that its function was "to

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put the facts on the table"—to provide the President, in other words, with a picture of social reality. Obviously the present picture is more complicated than it used to be. Great strides have been made and, in the wake of these great strides, legitimate anxieties about preferential treatment for groups have appeared. There is room on the Civil Rights Commission for members who fear the consequences of defining our legal and constitutional structures less and less by individual rights and more and more by the imputed rights of groups.

Over the years, bilingual education, multilanguage ballots, economic programs available to some ethnic or racial blocs and not to others, the virtual legal assumption that free black men and women ought to, and will, vote for black representatives (Hispanics, Hispanic representatives, etc.) have gone a long way toward transforming the nation into what it has never been, a patchwork of racial and ethnic groups, with corporate identities and prerogatives, almost on the Balkan model. Many civil rights activists have been indifferent to the meaning of these weighty developments. They rightfully belong on the Commission agenda. But putting them on the agenda was not on the President's own agenda. His intent was to have the commission soft-pedal the present state of social injustice in our country, in which the inferior position of parts of our population (such as blacks and Hispanics) is still sustained by a heavy burden of historic discrimination.

All this takes place against a political background. The President appears to have calculated, first, that the black vote is lost to him, and second, that therefore nothing he does to blacks can hurt him. On the first point he is correct. Whether he is correct on the second will depend upon whether the black community and the Democratic Party act on their plan to register black voters in masses. Lowering the lever of the voting machine away from Reaganism may be the real hatchet job, and for those who believe that two centuries of prejudice cannot be undone in two decades, a happy job it will be, too.

NOTEBOOK

□ WE'RE NOT less attracted than most people to what lures the average sybarite. But we're often surprised by what lures the above-average sybarite—Nancy Reagan, for example. Did she really want to keep for herself that $3850 Bulgari evening bag, which, as an "official gift," was public property? Or that $2,500 crystal slipper from some other maker of trinkets and baubles? And what about that $500 silver postcard from Tiffany's? Maybe we're being too puritanical about this. What, after all, would the public do with a $500 silver postcard? But then, what would *anyone* do with a $500 silver postcard? In fact what *is* a $500 silver postcard? Maybe it's the chosen medium of communication among those travelers who seek and find their houses in the airline edition of *Homes International: The Magazine Showcase of Fine Living*. The cover picture of the current issue shows Capa di Monte, "an uncomparable residence in Bel Aire," also characterized as "an estate of uncomparable grace," available with marble floors, gold fixtures, and natural landscaping. Price, $11 million. If you're on a budget, there's an imitation of Tara in Houston for $4.8 million. And two tolerably ugly houses, one in Denver, the other in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, each for just this side of $3 million. Which side is this side? But don't jump to the conclusion that such publications don't appreciate thrift. Right under the four-color cover photograph of Capa di Monte's sumptuous galleria, with its stained-glass mural, gold-leaf moldings, and Fortuny fabrics, is a tasteful little announcement: "To help conserve jet fuel, this airline edition has been printed on thinner, light-weight paper." Be warned, the American rich don't fool around.

□ A HEROINE BY ANY OTHER NAME: Mary was what Muriel Gardiner was called in the Austrian account of the 1930s. Julia was what she was called, if indeed she was Julia, by Lillian Hellman. (See Gail Godwin's review of *Code Name "Mary,"* by Muriel Gardiner, TNR, May 30.) A controversy now rages about the relationship of Mary to Julia—again Miss Hellman is accused of allowing her imagination to best her memory. But this does not exhaust this heroine's career in contemporary literature. She appears in yet another book by yet another name. In Stephen Spender's *World Within World*, an autobiography published in 1948, she is called Elizabeth, and she is the subject of the poet's reminiscence of a romance. It is a tender episode. They meet in a resort near Dubrovnik, and find poetry and pleasure in a cottage in the Vienna woods. All around them Austria, and the civilization it represented, is crumbling before Hitler. She was for Spender a kind of sentimental project—to protect his heart against politics, to shore up an intensely private experience in an intensely public world. The project failed. "She was too clear, too decided, too much in possession of all the threads of her life, too confident in what she knew"—in short, a woman of action. Spender remained trapped in sentiment, and in a literariness that forced him to note "a certain drabness" about Elizabeth's underground colleagues. Of the man she married shortly after, a leader of Austrian Socialists, Spender writes that "he had a genuine respect for a non-realist approach to politics," which seems a rather dubious compliment for its time. Still, history shows that he had a respect for a realist approach to politics too, as did Muriel, Mary, Julia, and Elizabeth.

□ "I'VE BEEN ACCUSED of being a mayor with a foreign policy. I plead guilty. If you can't trust your government's foreign policy, somebody's got to work on one." Mayor Edward Koch of New York? No, Mayor Andrew Young of Atlanta. What he's working on, to be more specific, is our Mideast policy. The American government is not sufficiently pro-Saudi for him. And so seventy Saudi plutocrats gathered in Atlanta to make deals with three hundred American businessmen. Mr. Young commands the re-

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spect of the Saudis because of his principled dereliction of duty at the United Nations in 1979, when he met secretly with the P.L.O.'s representative. "Arabs owe a debt in eternity to Andy Young," said the head of a Saudi communications company, which makes Mr. Young the world's most considerable creditor. "Sheik Andy's" idea of foreign policy is not ours, but we won't belabor the point. We would prefer, however, that he not pretend that it is for the sake of the Palestinians that he puts Atlantan chicken processors in touch with Saudi industrialists. Atlanta is into a good thing, but the mandate of its mayor is not "to work on" American foreign policy. He had his chance.

□ JACK DEMPSEY was a great boxer and, by all accounts, a gentle and generous man. His death was front-page news, and that made us reflect on the peculiar calculus that determines whom we remember. Through no fault of his own, Mr. Dempsey died the day after the death of General Alfred Gruenther, planner of the Allied invasion of North Africa in 1942 and later of Sicily and Salerno. Once an instructor of mathematics, he was known as one of the most brilliant staff officers in American history—"the brain of the army," as some called him. After the war, he was Supreme Commander of NATO, (Lord Ismay, Churchill's wartime chief of staff, called him "the greatest soldier-statesman I have ever known") and, after retirement, president of the American Red Cross. In his last years General Gruenther was a neighbor, courtly, sprightly, and dignified (and a gentle, devoted critic of THE NEW REPUBLIC). His passing received relatively little attention. We mean no disrespect for Dempsey, only great respect for General Gruenther when we recall what each accomplished. Jack Dempsey stopped Willard, Carpentier, and Firpo. Alfred Gruenther stopped Rommel and Hitler.

□ TEN YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Mr. Nixon returned from Florida to a White House establishment that he is changing in many respects but can't change in one important respect so long as he 'toughs it out' (as Senator John Stennis of Mississippi correctly predicted he would do not long ago). He's the same President now that he was between January 20, 1969, and April 30, 1973, when he sadly demanded the resignations of H.R. Haldeman, his administrative staff chief, and John D. Ehrlichman, his assistant for domestic affairs, because of their deep entanglements in the multiple Watergate rascalities. The tight, secretive, and centralized system of White House command that they created for him and, at his behest, brought to a peak of perverted perfection in the months between his reelection and the bursting of the Watergate bomb in late March was the sort of system that suited him, that he wanted, and that he conceived and developed through them. The changes in staff personnel and organization that he is making, in the hope that they will help him escape resignation or impeachment, can be really effective only if Mr. Nixon changes, and that seems to me to be extremely doubtful." ("The Nixon Watch: Toughing It Out," by John Osborne, June 23, 1973.)

Thatcher's left Foot behind.

FOREGONE ELECTION

London

OUTSIDE the Conservative Party's offices in Westminster is parked most mornings an imposing Daimler limousine. Beside it stands a chauffeur in full uniform waiting for one of the hundred or so journalists who attends the daily press conferences given by party leaders during the election campaign. This particular journalist is Walter Cronkite, who is here to cover the election for a British TV program called "World In Action." He stands up to ask a question of the Prime Minister, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher. "Walter Cronkite, 'World in Action,' " he says humbly. "Welcome," gushes Mrs. Thatcher. She is clearly thrilled that this amiable old American celebrity has crossed the Atlantic to observe what she and everyone else believe will be her great political triumph on June 9.

Mr. Cronkite was in a fashionable Mayfair restaurant the other night and whom should he bump into on his way out but Mr. Norman Mailer. Mr. Mailer is covering the election for a British Sunday newspaper called *The Mail on Sunday*. The week before his arrival this conservative tabloid gave him a colossal buildup. "Mailer on Sunday," it shrieked, adding (after describing him as "unquestionably one of the world's greatest writers" and "a man as big as his extraordinary books") that Norman Mailer's arrival in Britain will be a news event in its own right. "It could well be that it will be Norman Mailer and his reporting and not the politicians who will be setting this election alight."

It must be the first time ever that two American millionaires have covered a British election for the British media. It is ironic that they should be doing so at a time of recession and mass unemployment. If Mr. Cronkite's form of transport and Mr. Mailer's huge fee (either $60,000 or $90,000, depending on whether you believe *The Mail* or his New York agent) distinguish them from the rest of the press, they are otherwise mucking in like everyone else, following the politicians around the country, chatting with the unemployed, the blacks, the Asians, the farmers, and the fishermen. Mr. Mailer "has always come down to street level to mix it with ordinary humanity," bellowed *The Mail on Sunday*, and he has been doing just that.

Whether either of them could set the election alight is another matter. It ought, in theory, to be a very exciting election. The choice has never been so stark. On the one hand there is the Conservative Party, led by a woman of messianic determination, advocating pain and sacrifice as the necessary steps on the road to a new Britain—a Britain released from the shackles of bureaucracy and trade union power, reimbued with the Victorian ideals of individual enterprise and responsibility, morality, and thrift, once more confident of itself and respected by the world. On the other hand there is a Labour Party dominated by left-wing Socialists who want to take the country out of the

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European community, abolish all nuclear weapons, give Ulster to Ireland (and maybe also the Falklands to Argentina), use massive state intervention and borrowed money to bring down the level of unemployment, and—most seriously of all—abolish fox hunting. In the middle is a cozy alliance of Liberals and Social Democrats who advocate compassionate moderate policies—some state intervention, but not too much; some nuclear weapons, but not too many—and portray both of the other parties as dangerously extreme. They are all competing for 650 seats in the new House of Commons.

THE BATTLE should be exciting, but it isn't; and this is because the outcome seems so certain. If the opinion polls are to be believed, Mrs. Thatcher should be returned to office with an absolute majority of some 150 seats. No party has won such a large majority since Labour sent Winston Churchill packing in 1945. The opposition's best hope of cutting this majority down to size is to frighten the electorate with the specter of an all-powerful Mrs. Thatcher. To many people this specter is indeed frightening. Ever since she defeated the Argentines in the Falkland Islands last year, she has displayed unnerving self-confidence. People are grateful to her for this morale-boosting victory, and wish to reward her. But should they reward her too much? She is after all a woman who believes in pain. Ought there not be a limit on the amount she can inflict?

Americans often comment with envy on the brevity of British election campaigns. Three weeks of electioneering are not much. But two and a half weeks of it have already seemed enough. The scrupulous balance the broadcasting networks are obliged to observe means that if one politician says something at least two others have to be given the same amount of time to reply. Television cannot show one candidate without showing every other candidate competing for the same seat. Despite the modest pleasure obtained from watching politicians abase themselves before the public in efforts to win votes, the tedium outweighs the fun. Indeed, as the party leaders rush up and down the country pursued by Mr. Cronkite in his Daimler, their voices growing hoarse, their arms limp from handshaking, one wonders why they bother. For all the importance of this election—and it unquestionably *is* important, given the nature of the choice—all this activity seems something of a waste. Most minds were made up before the campaign began, as the polls continue to confirm.

The Labour Party has failed to woo the electorate on either of the two issues of which the Conservatives are thought to be most vulnerable. One is unemployment. Although Britain suffers from one of the highest unemployment rates in the Western world—about 13 percent—people appear unconvinced that Labour, with its promised state handouts, can solve the problem any better than the more mean-minded Conservatives. Mrs. Thatcher seems cleverly to have persuaded them that either God or foreigners are to blame—in any event not her. The other issue is nuclear disarmament. Although the antinuclear movement has grown impressively in recent years, a majority of the electorate still favors retention as a British nuclear deterrent—even those who are doubtful about having American cruise missiles on British soil. And Labour's leaders are so divided on this issue that nobody can understand what on earth they are saying.

Let us pause for a moment to shed a tear for the Labour Party. Many Americans may by now have forgotten that it was Labour governments that helped establish NATO, developed Britain's nuclear bomb, and even supported the United States in Korea and Vietnam. The Party's Marxist extremists have never before been given their head. Now these madmen have won control of the party and set it on a suicidal course. Its present leader—more figurehead than leader—is Michael Foot, an endearing intellectual who, though in fact a year or two younger than Ronald Reagan, looks a good deal more decrepit. This bespectacled white-haired bibliophile lacks either the strength or the will to discipline the extremists, which is why they elected him to the leadership in the first place. Last week Mr. Foot shared a platform with a candidate who wants to abolish the monarchy and the House of Lords and sack all Britain's generals, judges, and police chiefs. On the same platform was the British mineworkers' leader, who announced that "the next Labour government must first, above all other tasks, take the broadcasting and newspaper media into public ownership." By then Mr. Foot—a lifelong journalist—had left.

Rather than Mr. Mailer setting the election alight, it is he who has been set alight by Mr. Foot. In his first election report for *The Mail*, he wrote, "To the American"—as Mr. Mailer refers to himself—"it was incredible . . . that this man who looked like an eccentric professor of ornithology could run for Prime Minister! Prime Minister Designate Foot! The British Isles were beyond our poor American."

Mr. Mailer need not worry, for the British Isles are now beyond most poor Britons as well. While we stare with disbelief at Labour under Mr. Foot, we are hardly less bewildered by the spectacle of the party of Mrs. Thatcher. This extraordinary grocer's daughter has wrought a Conservative revolution hardly less dramatic than Labour's. The old-fashioned aristocratic paternalists, who at least brought benevolence to the exercise of power, have been sent back to their country estates and replaced by hard-faced, middle-class meritocrats who believe it is up to people to solve their own problems. You won't get any help from us, they seem to be saying. We will give you freedom, financial stability, law and order, and nuclear defenses, but that is all. And for some reason the electorate seems to prefer either of these exotic alternatives to the much more traditional politics of the center Alliance—perhaps because the Alliance makes the mistake of claiming to be radical and new. What a rough, tough country Britain has become! I wonder what the rich but warmhearted Mr. Cronkite makes of it.

ALEXANDER CHANCELLOR

Alexander Chancellor is editor of *The Spectator*.

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From Checkers to Cranston.

THE SENATE'S SECRET SLUSH FUNDS

BY BILL HOGAN, DIANE KIESEL, AND ALAN GREEN

THIRTY-ONE YEARS AGO, a secret slush fund nearly ended the public career of Richard M. Nixon. The fund—which contained $18,235—had been spent to supplement Nixon's Senate allowances and to advance his national political prospects. Nixon, of course, salvaged his spot as the 1952 Republican Vice Presidential nominee by making one of the most famous political speeches in American history—the classic of televised bathos that became known as the Checkers Speech.

This year another California Senator, Democrat Alan Cranston, may find himself facing questions on the Presidential campaign trail about his own secret political fund. In 1981 and 1982, Cranston transferred $66,000 in leftover campaign funds into a private checking account, using it, among other things, to pay for his wife's travel and lodging, the services of speechwriters and a professional voice coach, and a wide variety of activities related to his fledgling Presidential campaign. Cranston has never publicly accounted for his use of these funds. And although Internal Revenue Service rules clearly say such transfers from campaign accounts must be treated as money "diverted for the personal use of the officeholder," Cranston's office says he has never declared them as personal income on his tax returns, as the I.R.S. requires.

CHECKERS AND RICHARD NIXON, SEPTEMBER 29, 1952. UNITED PRESS PHOTO.

Cranston's slush fund is the largest of its kind in the Senate, but it is not the only one. More than a dozen other Senators have channeled campaign contributions into their own checking accounts to pay expenses they are either unable or embarrassed to submit for official reimbursement—everything from softball shirts for their Senate staffs to airline travel for their children. In many of these cases, no one else—including the Federal Election Commission, the Senate Ethics and Rules Committees, and the public—knows how the money is spent.

Other Senators dip directly into their campaign treasuries as if they were personal slush funds. In the last two years, Senate incumbents have used campaign funds for bringing spouses along on taxpayer-financed junkets; salaries and consulting fees for relatives; family moving and living expenses; generous gifts and honorariums for Senate colleagues; lucrative contracts for firms in which employees and their relatives have financial interests; country club dues and automobile repair bills in the nation's capital; and appliances, furniture, and art for their Senate offices.

Our examination of campaign spending reports filed with the F.E.C. by all one hundred Senate incumbents for 1981 and the first half of 1982, augmented by more than ninety interviews, shows that abuse of the system is widespread. In dozens of cases, Senate incumbents have ignored I.R.S. regulations, violated federal election law, and evaded standards for public disclosure and accountability. The tidal wave of money from political action committees has bloated the campaign treasuries of many Senate incumbents beyond any real need, creating reservoirs of ready cash that some have routinely used as a source of personal convenience and self-enrichment.

Contributors to political candidates presumably expect their money to be used for legitimate campaign expenses, not for supporting an incumbent's lifestyle or enhancing his or her performance in office. But the wide-ranging

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The authors write for The City Desk, a Washington bureau for city and regional magazines. Their article on House slush funds ("The New Slush Fund Scandal," TNR, August 30, 1982) was awarded the 1982 Worth Bingham Prize. © 1983, The New Republic, Inc. Research for this article was supported by a grant from The Fund for Investigative Journalism.

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abuses—represent more than simple breaches of trust. They fuel the public's longstanding suspicion that congressional incumbents view themselves as somehow above the law: a privileged class whose members are not obligated to obey the rules they have written for the rest of society.

THE SENATE itself has only one rule regulating the use of campaign funds: "No contribution shall be converted to the personal use of any Member or former Member." The Senate Ethics Committee, however, has never defined personal use. It so far has not decided, for example, whether to recommend punishment for Senator Harrison A. Williams Jr. of New Jersey who, as he resigned from the Senate following his Abscam conviction, took $65,781 in leftover campaign funds with him.

The Senate's atmosphere of easy tolerance allows many incumbents to use campaign funds for meals, travel, and entertainment that have no discernible relationship to reelection. (Senate rules prohibit them from charging meals or entertainment of any kind to their official allowances.) And many use surplus campaign funds to subsidize the operations of their Senate offices in every manner imaginable—an investment in their own incumbencies that pays rich dividends at the polls, but blurs the distinction between public service and electioneering.

Some Senators seem to resent—and flatly refuse to answer—questions about how they spend campaign funds. And their official campaign spending reports frequently hide more than they disclose. Democrat Daniel Inouye of Hawaii, for example, raised only $7,875 in contributions in 1981 and 1982, but spent $168,322. (A $281,511 surplus at the end of his 1980 campaign enabled the deficit spending.) During this time, Inouye's "campaign" had no headquarters, no telephone number, and no paid workers. After we asked for a complete itemization of $76,069 in credit card bills, the Inouye for U.S. Senate Committee filed amended disclosure reports with the F.E.C., which provide a partial picture of where the money went.

In 1981 and 1982, $63,843 in campaign funds went to eight different airlines. Inouye, for unexplained reasons, reimbursed his committee for $21,929 of it. The committee paid $17,043 for two automobiles, plus $5,582 for auto insurance and $1,954 for gasoline. Inouye's wife received $4,720 in unitemized reimbursements. Substantial sums were spent in a small number of Washington-area restaurants: $1,980 at the Sakura Palace (twenty-one visits), $493 at the Far East Restaurant (nine visits), $350 at the Golden Palace (six visits), and $604 at Harvey's (four visits). The Inouye committee also spent $4,309 at other restaurants and hotels, $592 on rented plants, $542 at art galleries, and $952 on tropical fish and aquarium supplies.

Like Inouye (who declined to be interviewed), many incumbents assume they have carte blanche in their use of campaign funds. Republican Jeremiah Denton of Alabama, for example, used $3,808 in surplus campaign money to move his family's furnishings to Washington in 1981, plus another $1,500 to reimburse himself for "temporary living quarters." The latter expenditure, the F.E.C. held in an identical case, violated federal election law. Denton also used leftover campaign money to pay for $13,090 in dues and entertainment at the Army Navy Country Club in suburban Washington, and $22,741 in MasterCard bills for travel, meals, accommodations, and the like. After we requested an itemization of the credit card bills, Denton's office stopped returning our phone calls.

Democrat Spark Matsunaga of Hawaii, reelected last year with 80 percent of the vote (the highest of any Senate candidate), regularly spends more campaign money in the Senate restaurant than any of his colleagues. His total tab in 1981 and 1982 was $29,330, or roughly $94 for every day the Senate was in session. "Sometimes we kid him about it, that he has too much," says his press secretary Elma Henderson. One week before election day, Matsunaga used campaign funds to buy himself an $11,649 automobile "for campaign, promotional, and constituent services." Matsunaga's committee also paid $318 a month in rent to Gladys Karr, a staff assistant, but his office would not say why.

The campaign committee of Republican Alfonse D'Amato of New York leases two Buicks at a cost of $880 a month; maintenance, insurance, and gasoline brought the total bill to $24,516 for 1981 and 1982—four years before D'Amato's name again may be on the ballot. During the same period, the D'Amato campaign made at least five payments, totaling $690, for automobile maintenance at an Arlington, Virginia, Buick dealership. D'Amato's office refused to answer any questions about these and other expenditures.

Democrat John Glenn of Ohio ended his 1980 Senate reelection campaign with 71 percent of the vote and $125,550 in the bank. In the next year and a half, the Senator John Glenn Committee raised only $8,354; it spent $144,856, including $12,900 on Glenn's twin-engine plane and another $24,952 for travel and entertainment bills paid through credit cards—all before Glenn was a Presidential candidate. Included in the credit card statements shown to us were payments to an eclectic assortment of more than thirty Washington-area restaurants, including Le Lion d'Or, The Monocle, and the Prime Rib. The public, however, would have no way of knowing where the money went: the credit card payments are completely unitemized on Glenn's campaign spending reports, in violation of F.E.C. disclosure regulations.

Reports filed by Republican Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania during 1981 and the first half of 1982 show that he spent about $1,000 in campaign money for European travel, plus another $7,007 in unitemized reimbursements to himself and $7,421 in unitemized credit card payments. How, exactly, was the money spent? "If you would want to come to Philadelphia, or send somebody," committee treasurer Michael Baylson told us, "then you're welcome to see all of our records." When the invitation was accepted, however, the books of the Specter campaign suddenly closed.

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Nepotism is a dirty word on Capitol Hill—federal law prohibits incumbents from placing relatives on their congressional payrolls—but it's a different matter altogether on the campaign trail. Republican Paula Hawkins of Florida, for example, paid her son $18,125 in 1981—the year after she was elected—for campaign bookkeeping and fundraising. The reelection committee of former Republican Senator S.I. Hayakawa of California paid his son the lump sum of $9,375 in February 1982 for "campaign management services." Republican James McClure of Idaho used $1,000 in campaign funds in 1981 to pay his daughter-in-law for addressing and stuffing six thousand Christmas cards. Republican Frank Murkowski of Alaska and Democrat John Melcher of Montana also have hired their children as campaign workers. But the most imaginative twist may have been provided by Senator Specter, whose campaign paid Joan Specter's Desserts, Inc., his wife's baking business, $2,348 for "gifts." Most of them went to Specter's Senate colleagues.

BY ALEX LEWIS FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Some incumbents channel campaign funds into their own businesses or businesses owned by Senate staff members and their relatives. Although this practice does not run afoul of Senate rules or federal election laws, it does create the appearance that Senators use their campaign treasuries to bestow profit on themselves and their friends. The reelection committee of Republican Steven Symms of Idaho, for instance, bought $3,011 worth of apples from the Symms Fruit Ranch. Democrat Dennis DeConcini of Arizona used $656 in campaign funds to rent a Tucson office from DeConcini-Gallo Properties, a family-owned real estate firm. Similarly, the campaign of Republican Mack Mattingly of Georgia paid the Stewart-Mattingly Partnership $225 in "storage fees."

The most labyrinthine transactions of this kind can be found in the campaign spending reports of Republican Orrin Hatch of Utah. In 1981 his campaign made $15,900 in payments to Mac Haddow & Associates, a consulting firm incorporated in April 1980 by C. McClain Haddow (then Hatch's Utah administrative assistant), Alice M. Haddow, and John L. Harmer. The corporation was involuntarily dissolved in 1982 by the state of Utah for failure to file an annual report.

In 1981 and early 1982, the Hatch campaign paid another firm, Mountain States Direct Mail, $71,813 for services ranging from word processing to billboards. That firm, incorporated by the Haddows and Harmer, also was involuntarily dissolved in 1982. Stan Parrish, Hatch's administrative assistant, says that Mountain States Direct Mail later was "taken over" by a firm called Amerad, Inc., operating from the same address. Parrish should know: he was one of Amerad's original incorporators, in January 1982. In 1982 Amerad received $28,220 in payments from the Hatch reelection committee; an Amerad subsidiary, Hurst and Associates, received another $144,487 in 1981 and 1982. Parrish explained the arrangement this way: "The situation is, Mac [Haddow] was paid a consulting fee for consulting to the campaign in '80-'81. And he also had a company called Mountain States Direct Mail, which was taken over by Amerad, and Amerad had a branch called Hurst Advertising. And so that's where that went." When pressed for additional details, Parrish said: "I don't understand the reason for talking about Haddow or Mountain States or Amerad."

A final variation on the reward-your-friends theme comes courtesy of the reelection committee of Republican John Tower of Texas. In February 1982 the Tower Congressional Club paid four of Tower's Republican Senate colleagues—Jeremiah Denton, Pete Domenici of New Mexico, Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, and John Warner of Virginia—$2,000 each for speaking at a dinner in Dallas. "He offered honoraria or campaign contributions," says Terry Ware, a Tower press aide. "It was their own decision on which they wanted." Warner accepted the fee as a political contribution. Denton, Domenici, and Thurmond apparently decided they needed the money more than their campaign treasuries.

Alan Cranston, the Democratic Party's Senate whip and its earliest Presidential candidate, has for more than two years maintained the modern-day equivalent of a Checkers fund: a private, unregulated checking account into which substantial sums of leftover campaign funds have been channeled and thus removed from the stream of public disclosure. Cranston transferred $30,000 in surplus campaign funds into the "Alan Cranston Office Account" in 1981, plus another $36,000 in 1982. The source of the money is not secret; its ultimate destination, however, is.

Under the Federal Election Campaign Act and Senate rules, surplus campaign funds transferred into an office

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account must be used to defray expenses incurred by a Senator in connection with his or her official duties. (Payments for these official expenses also may be made directly from a campaign treasury, but there is a disadvantage in that method: who gets the money and why must then be disclosed.) Once campaign funds are transferred into an office account, however, neither the F.E.C. nor the Senate itself has authority to ensure the money is used for official—as opposed to political or campaign—purposes.

AS EARLY AS February 1982, and perhaps much sooner, Cranston's office checkbook was being used to underwrite thousands of dollars in expenses for his Presidential exploratory effort. Records of the Cranston Presidential Advisory Committee, Inc., show repayments to the Senate office account in 1982 for $4,292 in unspecified travel, mailing lists, photographs, gasoline, tolls, and postage. In essence, Cranston's testing-the-waters committee was routinely borrowing money from his office account.

The financial shell game also shielded from public disclosure some expenditures that Cranston may have preferred to keep off the public record. His office account, for example, paid nearly $4,000 to Lilyan Wilder, a New York voice coach; hundreds of dollars in bills from the Senate restaurant; thousands of dollars for Mrs. Cranston's travel all over the nation; shipping costs for copies of an Alan Cranston biography written by his sister; and a wide range of other expenses that arguably were connected not to Cranston's official responsibilities but to his still-unannounced Presidential campaign.

Cranston's top aide, Roy Greenaway, refused to provide a complete accounting of expenditures made from the Senator's office account, though he permitted limited inspection of some records. "We are not trying to avoid disclosure," he says. "All we do is play by the rules." Why not, then, make the records public? "We don't want to be accused of grandstanding on this issue." Cranston's office declined to respond to repeated requests, by telephone and in writing, for an interview with the Senator.

The I.R.S. ruled in 1980 that "excess campaign funds transferred to an officeholder's office account are includable in the gross income of the officeholder for the year in which the funds are transferred." The I.R.S.'s language could not be plainer. But Greenaway says Cranston did not declare as personal income the $30,000 in transfers to his office account in 1981. To avoid tax liability, he then would have been required to justify all expenditures from the account as his legitimate, tax-deductible business expenses as a U.S. Senator. Many apparently were not.

The theory guiding federal tax law for political committees and candidates is that money contributed to a political campaign should be used for campaigning—not for defraying an incumbent's office expenses, for subsidizing a lavish lifestyle, or for any other diversions from campaign use. To maintain tax-exempt status, campaign funds must be spent to influence—or to try to influence—a candidate's nomination or election to public office, as well as to pay for the related overhead, record-keeping, and fundraising expenses. The I.R.S. considers amounts spent for other, noncampaign purposes to be taxable income to the candidate on whose behalf the expenditures were made.

An example: Republican Robert Dole of Kansas, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, used $15,480 in campaign funds in 1981 to pay the management-consulting firm of Arthur D. Little for an efficiency study of his Senate offices. Because the study had nothing to do with Dole's reelection campaign, the diverted political funds represent taxable income to Dole himself. Dole might well have been able to justify and deduct the expenditure as an "ordinary and necessary" business expense connected with his Senate job, leaving him with no net tax liability. But Dole's administrative assistant, JoAnne Coe, says he did not declare the amount as income in the first place.

I.R.S. regulations treat surplus campaign funds even more strictly. Unless they are transferred within a "reasonable period of time" to another political organization or charitable group, or are "held in reasonable anticipation" of being spent to influence future elections, the I.R.S. treats the money "as expended for the personal use of the person having control over the ultimate use of such funds"—namely, the Senator. And, as in Cranston's case, surplus campaign funds transferred directly into an office account become personal, taxable income.

What exactly is wrong with the actions of these Senators? Defending his 1952 slush fund in the Checkers Speech, Richard Nixon argued that the fund "was used to pay for political expenses that I did not think should be charged to the taxpayers of the United States." On that point, Nixon may have been right. Similarly, there is nothing wrong per se with using campaign contributions to pay for things like voice coaches. What *is* unquestionably wrong is for Cranston, Dole, and dozens of other Senators—whether through inadvertence or design—to ignore the tax laws, no matter how burdensome, annoying, or even pointless those laws may seem. Ordinary citizens do not have the luxury of disregarding the tax code because they disagree with it, don't understand it, or deem themselves beyond its reach. And if Senators believe there is something wrong with I.R.S. rules and regulations, they shouldn't evade them, they should change them—which, unlike ordinary citizens, they are in a position to do.

SOME INCUMBENTS consider the matter nobody's business but their own. Democrat Lloyd Bentsen of Texas diverted $32,884 from his campaign treasury in 1981 and 1982 to pay his bills in the Senate recording studios, which, under Senate rules, may not be used for political or campaign purposes. In other words, he diverted campaign funds for noncampaign use. Did Bentsen declare the recording studio expenditures—the largest of any incumbent—as personal income? "Senator Bentsen fully complies with our tax laws," says Jack Devore, his press secretary. "However, he is not going to get involved in a public discussion about specific items on his tax returns."

And would the recording studio payments qualify as

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legitimate and deductible expenses incurred by Bentsen in his work as a U.S. Senator? An examination of campaign records suggests these expenditures had less to do with Bentsen's official duties than with his hard-fought race for reelection in 1982. Bentsen spent only $107 in campaign funds in the Senate recording studios in 1979, but he spent $12,790 in 1980 and $23,960 in 1981.

Senate incumbents have no trouble raising money. At the end of 1981, the collective surplus of Senate incumbents was in excess of $15 million, much of it raised in non-election years from PACs with a stake in Senate business. The Senate is so awash in money that many of its safest incumbents have campaign surpluses of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and sometimes much more. Democrat Henry Jackson of Washington, for example, who won in 1982 with 69 percent of the vote, had more than three-quarters of a million dollars in the bank—after his re-election. So much money flows to incumbents, in fact, that many don't even bother to save what they have for future campaigns. Some waste money contributed in good faith by their supporters on expenses they had no need to incur in the first place. Still others use campaign contributions for government business, underwriting official Senate expenses their employers—the nation's taxpayers—have indicated in public opinion polls they would rather pay.

More than half the members of the Senate, for example, routinely spent campaign funds in the Senate recording and photographic studios during 1981 and the first half of 1982, including Republican John Danforth of Missouri ($13,169), Republican Charles Grassley of Iowa ($12,772), Democrat Ernest Hollings of South Carolina ($20,451), and Democrat Sam Nunn of Georgia ($13,035). The studios, with their bargain-basement rates, are of course reserved for Senators only, which gives incumbents a decided financial and strategic advantage over announced or would-be challengers.

Others gain a competitive edge by using campaign funds to expand their Senate telephone service. When constituents of Paula Hawkins call her Senate offices toll-free on a special WATS line, they probably are unaware that PACs and other campaign contributors are paying for the call. In 1981 and 1982 the Hawkins campaign used at least $15,615 of contributors' money to defray her Senate telephone bills. And Hawkins is only one of dozens.

OTHER EXPENDITURES clearly illustrate that many Senate political treasuries are in fact slush funds. Frank Murkowski, for example, used more than $3,000 in funds left over from his 1980 campaign to bring his wife along on a Korean trip. Other incumbents have used campaign money to pay for everything from donations to the Washington Opera (Democrat Patrick Leahy of Vermont) to wedding gifts for Senate staff members (Democrat James Exon of Nebraska). Leahy also used $6,284 in unneeded campaign funds in 1981 to finance a retreat for his Senate staff in Williamsburg, Virginia. Similarly, Republican Bob Packwood of Oregon used at least $5,113 in campaign funds in 1981 to pay for a weekend for his staff at a Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, resort. Why would Packwood's campaign committee finance such a retreat? "I think the way to phrase the question," says Etta Fielek, his press secretary, is that "it's not something the campaign would do—it's something the campaign can do."

THE BIGGEST slush fund of all, one whose gargantuan size renders it virtually impossible to trace all its beneficiaries, is run by the National Republican Senatorial Committee. During 1981 and the first half of 1982, the committee spent more than $28 million, an astonishing sum considering that it contributed only $467,349 to federal candidates and political committees. More astonishing, however, is the committee's artful exploitation of the loophole in Senate rules that permits funds derived from political committees to be used to defray an incumbent's official expenses. By law, the National Republican Senatorial Committee may contribute no more than $17,500 to an individual candidate. But that ceiling did not prevent the committee from subsidizing the operations of the U.S. Senate (Republicans only, of course) by at least $760,000 in 1981 and the first half of 1982. By submitting their bills for official expenses directly to this campaign committee, more than fifty Republican Senators have vastly expanded the scope of activities their Senate allowances permit.

Republican Senators submitted an amazing variety of bills to the National Republican Senatorial Committee for payment in 1981 and the first half of 1982. Here is a sampling: Bob Packwood of Oregon, at that time the committee's own chairman, at least $2,633 in carpeting, furnishings, plants, and other amenities for his Senate offices; John Tower, a $500 set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; Alan Simpson of Wyoming, a $200 enrollment fee for a Dale Carnegie course; Gordon Humphrey of New Hampshire, $7,394 for leasing an automobile and $718 for insuring it; Slade Gorton of Washington, $2,166 for office furniture and furnishings; Frank Murkowski, $118 for Fostoria glass and $15 for dues in the National Rifle Association; and Alfonse D'Amato, $4,186 for camera, audio, and video equipment. D'Amato, in fact, submitted more than $25,000 in bills for payment.

The committee's spending reports make it difficult to determine on whose behalf many of its expenditures are made. But the scope of those expenditures is startling: in the first six months of 1982, for example, it spent more than $1.1 million on flags. In addition, during 1981 and the first half of 1982, the fifty-three Republican Senators collectively submitted to the committee $173,759 in bills at the Senate recording and photographic studios; $3,780 in tabs at the Senate restaurant; $143,144 in travel; $94,449 for subscriptions (at least 1,250 of them, including *Photographic Trade News* for Majority Leader Howard Baker); $28,698 in telephone bills; $49,091 in clipping services; and at least $268,570 more for expenses ranging from rented office plants to videotape and communications systems.

The largest individual beneficiaries of the Republican committee's subsidies in particular categories during this period were John Danforth, $12,776 in recording-studio

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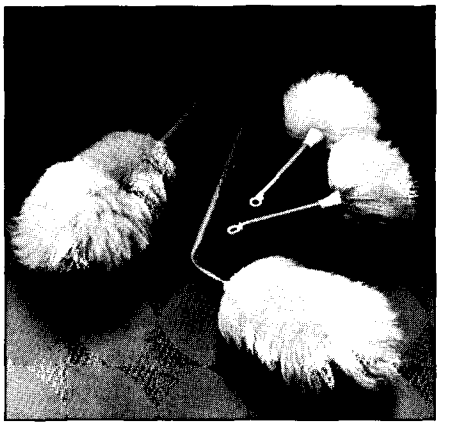

DUST-MAGNETS™

If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways,* we will certainly include a chapter on lambswool dusters. On its own lambswool actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the wool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making these dusters just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. Recently we were introduced to two exciting new versions of our old time favorite, the mini-duster and the bent-handled duster. The standard 27″ long duster costs **$7.00** ($1.95) #A780; the bent-handled model is **$8.00** ($1.95) #A781; two mini-dusters cost **$8.00** ($1.95) #A794. We can send you the entire group, a total of four dusters, for just **$16.00** ($2.95) #A783.

SHIRTPOCKET STEREO

The electronics of everyday life continue to shrink at a rate to surprise even Alice in Wonderland. The latest bit of evidence is an FM tuner the size of a credit card so small it slips right into a shirt or vest pocket. It weighs all of 3 oz., earphones included, and is ½″ thick. It performs like a tuner many times its size and will fill your head with clean-cut full-bodied sound. The specs tell the story: frequency response from 330-15000Hz., 30 milliwatts per channel. Sensitivity 15db. Full band width frequency range 88–108 MHz. State-of-the-art circuitry. Padded microearphones with samarium-cobalt magnets and 46″ cord fit comfortably inside the ear. On/Off switch. Volume control. LED stereo indicator. The radio is powered by 2 AAA batteries (not included). Take it traveling, to the beach, for a walk in the park—it is absolutely the most compact, portable way we've found to enjoy terrific sound. It comes in a suedecloth drawstring pouch for only **$27.00** ($2.95) #A755.

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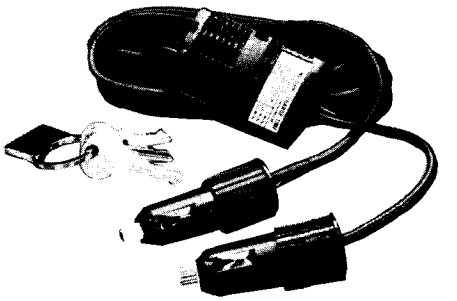
Air pollution doesn't politely stop at the front door—it follows you right inside where it can be a real problem. The Bionaire 500 is like moving a mountain breeze indoors. It removes 99% of all particulate pollutants from the air—goodbye to soot, dust, animal dander, pollen, cigarette smoke, smog, molds and fungi. Allergy sufferers breathe easier, everybody breathes more healthfully. The newly developed electret filter removes particles as small as 1/10,000 the thickness of a human hair (the tiniest particles cause the greatest health problems because they slip through the body's natural filtering mechanisms). The Bionaire 500 cleans 45 cubic feet of air a minute, the average room three times an hour. It includes a switchable ion generator—negative ions are well known for their presumed psychological good effects, creating a sense of well-being such as comes from standing next to a waterfall. A switchable fragrance dispenser allows you to add a fresh scent to the air when you wish. The Bionaire 500 measures 11″×7″×5″, uses only 45 watts energy, comes in a smoothly styled hard plastic case with woodgrain finish. The Bionaire 500 costs **$125.00** ($9.95) #A822. A larger model 1000 has three speeds instead of two and cleans 118 CFM of air—enough to empty the smoke from a closed conference room faster than any competing unit by a substantial margin. This unit measures 14″×8″×8½″ with a life-time steel housing. The Bionaire 1000 costs **$275.00** ($12.95) #A823. Both models are UL-listed and carry 1-year warranties.



BEYOND JUMPER CABLES

Your car battery is dead. How would you like to recharge the battery and start the car *without ever even opening the hood?* Sound impossible? It's not, thanks to the Easy Charge. With traditional jumper cables you have to maneuver a second car fender-to-fender with the disabled car, open both hoods, and attach leads from battery to battery. The Easy Charge simplifies this process brilliantly by substituting connection from cigarette lighter to cigarette lighter. You just plug one end of the Easy Charge into the lighter of a running car, pass the 16′ cord through both car windows and insert the other end in the lighter of the disabled car. After a few minutes' wait the battery is recharged sufficiently to restart the car. The Easy Charge is small enough to fit in the glove compartment. **$20.00** ($2.95) #A629. Two for **$37.00** ($3.95) #A6292.

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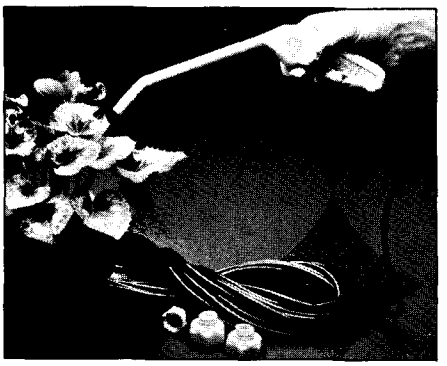
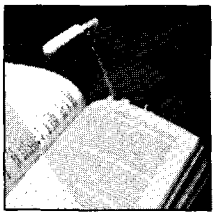


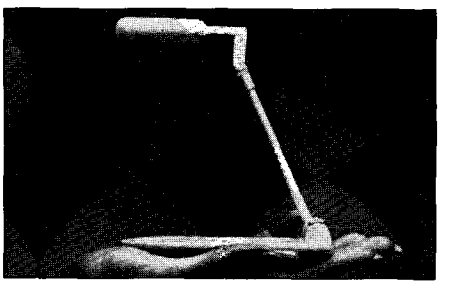
WATERING WHIZ

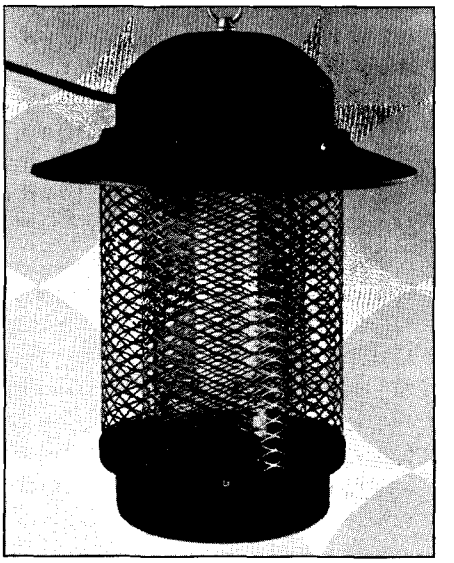
Do your houseplants run you ragged, back and forth, trip after trip, watering can in hand? There is an easier way: with an indoor garden hose you can water them all in a single trip. This 50′ vinyl hose comes complete with a set of four adaptors that readily attach to most indoor and outdoor faucets. From there you just take the water where you want it, an easy-control handle allows you to turn a splashless stream of water on and off as needed. This indoor hose comes with a snap-in misting attachment, so after you water the roots you can spray the foliage. It costs just **$11.00** ($1.95) #A681, two for **$19.00** ($2.95) #A6812.

BOOK LIGHT



Here's a new tool just on the market that will brighten the life of any bookreader. It is a light that clips right on the book or magazine you are reading, flooding the open pages with a cool strong light ideal for reading. The light weighs just a bit over 2 oz. and is attentively crafted with two swivel joints and a special distortion-free lead crystal optical bulb. The Booklight comes with a battery pack (batteries not included), AC adapter, 8′ cord and spare bulb in a box that looks like a book **$29.00** ($3.95) #A685. Backed by one-year limited warranty.



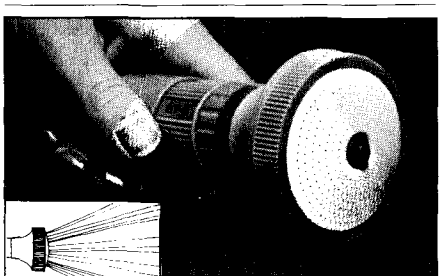


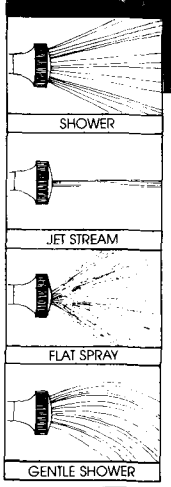
BUG ZAPPER

Electric bugkillers all operate on the same basic principle—fluorescent blacklight attracts bugs into an electrically charged grid where they are electrocuted. These backyard bugkillers are notable in several respects: all-steel construction (no cheesy plastic housings); large area grids (for dispatching a higher proportion of the bugs attracted to the light); quiet operation (fewer of the disconcerting snaps and pops that characterize higher voltage models); easy disassembly (for cleaning and bulb replacement). We looked at many different bugkillers and found, in terms of construction and insect clearing distances, these to be a superior value. The Model 75 attracts insects from 80–100 feet, clears approximately ¾ acre, and costs **$99.00** ($9.95) #A826. The Model 100 uses two bulbs, attracts up to 130 feet, clears up to 1¼ acres, and costs **$115.00** ($9.95) #A825. Bulb life is one full season and replacement bulbs can be ordered by mail. These bugkillers are completely weatherproof, UL-listed, and backed by the manufacturer's one-year warranty. They operate on normal household current.

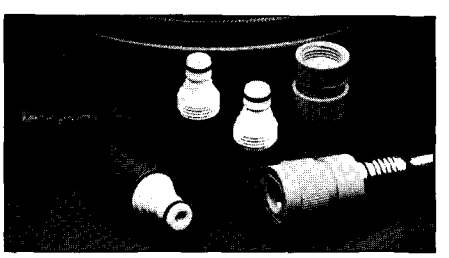
ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS AND GUARANTEE: We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible to insure prompt delivery. The cost of each item is shown followed by its shipping and handling charges in ( ). Be sure to add the cost ***plus*** *shipping and handling charges for each item ordered to arrive at the* ***total price*** *of each item. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return the article to us within 30 days, and we'll exchange it or refund the cost, per your instructions.*

GARDEN HOSE ACCESSORIES





The biggest problem with most hose nozzles is getting and maintaining the desired water flow. The answer is Nozzle Five. This hose nozzle lets you set water flow to any of five positions. Use the shower setting for heavy watering or car washing, gentle shower for potted plants or window boxes, flat spray for misting foliage and the jet stream for force cleaning patios, decks and gutters. The fifth setting is a convenient stop action. Nozzle Five is made of noncorrosive plastic and costs **$11.00** ($1.95) #A481. Two for **$18.00** ($2.95) #A4812. For fast, dripless connections between hose and accessories we offer Barco quick snap connectors, shown below. They work on the same principle as the snap connectors on pneumatic tools in a garage. They permit you to connect two lengths of hose or add accessories without first turning off the water. No threading required, just snap the male and female connectors together. Waterflow shuts off automatically when disconnected. A set of five snap connector pieces (2 female and 3 male—enough so you can switch accessories at hose end) costs just **$8.00** ($1.95) #A843.



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bills; Strom Thurmond, $6,052 in photographic studio bills; Paula Hawkins, $18,455 in travel; Roger Jepsen of Iowa, $4,491 in subscriptions; Charles Mathias of Maryland, $6,881 in clipping services; and Mark Hatfield of Oregon, $6,273 in telephone bills.

The Republican committee also has allowed full-time Senate staffers to supplement their earnings substantially by moonlighting. In the first half of 1982, for example, Mitchell E. Daniels Jr., then administrative assistant to Richard Lugar of Indiana, received $16,264 for "political consulting" and expenses; at the same time, as Lugar's highest paid staffer, he was earning up to $59,000 a year. During the same period, the committee also retained Dennis Howe, administrative assistant to Robert Kasten, as a political consultant. He collected $24,138 in fees and reimbursements from the Republican committee while earning an annual Senate salary of up to $56,500. The Senate has no rule limiting how much full-time Senate staffers can collect in outside earnings.

AS INGENIOUS as this grand scheme is, it has two major flaws. First, the Republican committee has unwittingly given its Senate members potential tax problems. Those Senators must, under I.R.S. regulations, report all noncampaign expenditures made on their behalf as personal income. Then, to avoid tax liability, they must justify the expenditures as legitimate business expenses.

Second, an argument can be made that the National Republican Senatorial Committee should not be considered a tax-exempt political organization at all. While the Federal Election Commission has no jurisdiction in the matter, the I.R.S. does. Its rules say that a campaign committee's principal purpose must be to influence elections. If more than an insubstantial amount of its resources are spent for noncampaign purposes—clearly the case with the Republican committee—its tax-exempt status can be challenged on the grounds that it is not operating primarily for campaign purposes. Furthermore, under these circumstances, the I.R.S. might even try to disallow the credits taken by campaign contributors on their tax returns.

These tax issues are important because, once again, they raise the question of whether Senators are abiding by the rules they impose on others. But the activities of the National Republican Senatorial Committee raise an even more important question: do Americans want their national legislature subsidized by private, partisan interests?

Last year Democratic Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin won reelection with nearly 64 percent of the vote. He spent $145 in the process, every dime of it from his own pocket. Proxmire refused all contributions. "It's such a miserable business to go around asking for money," he says. "They don't contribute because they like the color of your eyes. They contribute because they want you to be obligated to them." But most Senators are unable or unwilling to do it Proxmire's way. They raise money year in and year out, election time or not, accumulating surpluses that become easy substitutes for slush funds. Sometimes the numbers themselves are the best illustration of what's going on: in the first six months of 1982, Ernest Hollings raised $30 and spent $15,115; Republican William Armstrong of Colorado raised $641 and spent $19,759; and Robert Kasten raised $10 and spent $12,533.

In March 1977 Adlai E. Stevenson III of Illinois, then chairman of the Senate Ethics Committee, earned the enmity of many of his colleagues when he tried to close the slush-fund loophole in Senate rules by creating a wall between official and campaign expenses. He told them: "The purpose of this amendment is to get rid of every last slush fund, from now until doomsday, in the U.S. Senate. When that moment comes, there will be no more Checkers funds, no more slush funds, no more tin cups for oil companies and special interests who wish to defray the expenses of Senators." As he had predicted beforehand, however, that moment never came: the Senate rejected Stevenson's amendment.

For a short time, the F.E.C. required public disclosure of financial activity in the unofficial office accounts known as slush funds. In 1977 the House of Representatives abolished slush funds entirely, rendering public disclosure moot. The Senate abolished them, too, with this language: "No member may maintain or have maintained for his use an unofficial office account." Then, in an uncanny display of backdoor logic, it added—and later widened—the loophole Stevenson fought: "An unofficial office account does not include . . . funds derived from a political committee." In the six years since, Senate incumbents have grown much craftier in learning how to exploit that loophole. But because no one has the authority to monitor the slush funds, the issue has lain dormant while the potential for abuse has vastly expanded.

THE SENATE probably will not act until prodded, simply because too many incumbents benefit—personally and politically—under the current system. Until their constituents realize that special-interest PACs and other wealthy contributors are underwriting the costs of Senate business—thereby destroying the distinction between politics and government—there is likely to be little outrage. The biggest fraud of all, however, undoubtedly is perpetrated by some Senators themselves, who go to potential campaign contributors—PACs included—lamenting the cost of modern political campaigns, when their real problem isn't expensive campaigns but expensive lifestyles.

Fifteen years ago a special Senate Committee on Standards and Conduct noted: "A Senator is extended an extraordinary measure of trust and confidence not given to ordinary members of society. The Senate must therefore require higher standards of conduct than those generally required in the marketplace." If anything, many Senate incumbents have demonstrated that their special society operates under its own set of rules. And the public seems to have become numb to it. A final, disturbing, question: if Richard Nixon were in the Senate today, would his $18,235 slush fund have bothered anyone?

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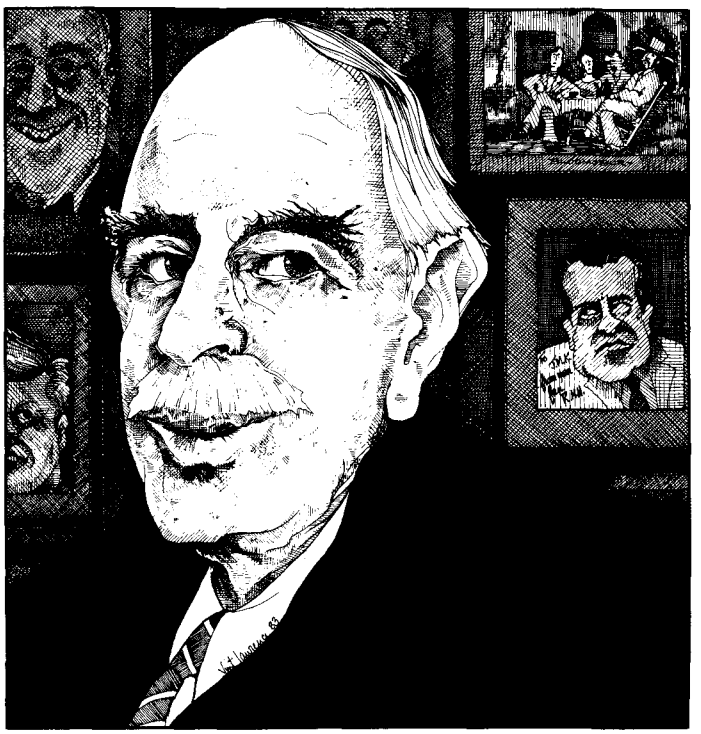
Good-bye, Reaganomics. Welcome back, Keynesianism.

A KEYNES FOR ALL SEASONS

BY ROBERT LEKACHMAN

ON JUNE 5, 1883, the year of Karl Marx's death, John Neville Keynes, a Cambridge economics don, and his wife Florence, one of the university's first women graduates, celebrated the birth of a son. They christened him John Maynard. The boy prospered at Eton, which he (unlike George Orwell and Cyril Connolly) loved, and still more at Cambridge, where he duly enrolled in 1902. A comfortable career opened before him. He blossomed as a polemical speaker and won election as head of the University Union Society, undergraduate imitation of the House of Commons and nursery of future prime ministers. Coming under the influence of Alfred Marshall, the father figure of English economics, he quickly established himself as the best young economist at Cambridge and, therefore, in the universe.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

But Cambridge also inducted Keynes into the adversary culture of Bloomsbury. The early history of this coterie of the culturally elect—its members included E. M. Forster, G. E. Moore, Virginia Woolf, the painter Duncan Grant, and the art critic Clive Bell—revolves around Cambridge and the magnetic personality of Lytton Strachey. Two years Keynes's senior at the university, Strachey recruited him into "the Society," whose members populated Bloomsbury. Throughout his life, Keynes cherished the affection and responded to the influence of this group of liberated souls. Among them, no practice was taboo—from homosexuality (Keynes apparently vied with Lytton Strachey for the affections of Duncan Grant) to conscientious objection—provided only that it could be justified as enhancing friendship or the appreciation of beauty.

Had Keynes chosen to play the establishment game, he almost surely would have succeeded Alfred Marshall as the dominant academic authority of his generation. That was never Keynes's choice. He preferred to shatter the icons of his tribe. In 1919 his *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* argued that the reparations clauses of the Versailles Treaty contained the seeds of political turmoil and renewed conflict. That was bad enough. Worse, in the same book Keynes personally attacked his own chief, Prime Minister Lloyd George, who had taken him to Versailles as one of his advisers. In one memorable passage, excised in later editions but subsequently resurrected in an essay entitled 'Mr. Lloyd George: A Fragment," he wrote: "Lloyd George is rooted in nothing; he is void and without content; he lives and feeds on his immediate surroundings; he is an instrument and a player at the same time which plays on the country and is played on by them too; he is a prism, as I have heard him described, which collects light and distorts it and is most brilliant if the light comes from many quarters at once; a vampire and a medium in one." It helped matters not at all that the polemic was a sensational success.

The reputation for unsoundness that this best seller created was compounded by its author's willingness during the 1920s to question such verities as free trade, the prewar dollar-sterling parity, the adequacy of competition as the explanation for British prosperity, and the wisdom of the Treasury. Soon reconciled to Lloyd George, he even advocated deficit spending on public works as an unemployment remedy.

Robert Lekachman is the author of *The Age of Keynes* (McGraw-Hill) and the recent *Greed Is Not Enough: Reaganomics* (Pantheon).

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He climaxed his career of heterodoxy at the end of 1935 with this century's most influential book by an economist: *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*. The central message was clear and powerful. The conventional theory of unemployment as a malady of high wages was sheer nonsense. In a depression no wage was low enough to eliminate unemployment. Accordingly, it was wicked to blame the jobless for their plight. Unemployment, argued Keynes, occurred when consumers, investors, and governments spent too little. The cure was as simple as the diagnosis: one or more of these three groups had to spend more.

Keynes's demonstration that depressions do not automatically cure themselves was a shock. But once the shock wore off, mainstream economists and the more alert members of the corporate community discovered that a suitably domesticated Keynesianism, shorn of Keynes's contempt for businessmen and his indignation about inequitable distributions of income and wealth, could be good for business. This was the best news for capitalism since Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal. Lower taxes on corporate profits, reduced marginal rates on personal income, and new incentives to investment could all be justified as stimuli to aggregate demand and high employment, a splendid disguise for old-fashioned avarice.

This conservative version of Keynes dominated economic policy for a generation after World War II. It facilitated an unprecedented improvement in living standards and a secular rise in economic growth, interrupted only by brief and mild recessions. In 1973, however, OPEC's coup marked the start of a time of troubles: intractable unemployment, sharp inflation, and unpleasant mixtures of the two. Keynes no longer seemed to have the answers. The prophets of monetarism and supply-side economics preached alternative sermons.

YET EVEN conservative Keynesianism is proving more durable than its critics imagined. Early in 1971, Richard Nixon confessed that he was a convert to Keynes. To date Ronald Reagan gives no sign of similar insight. Nevertheless, on the highway to hog heaven supposedly guaranteed by supply-side tax favors to the certifiably unneedy, the Reagan folks stumbled into some embarrassing potholes, the first and deepest being the worst recession since the 1930s. Indeed, that mischievous conservative economist George Stigler ungratefully tagged the episode with the horrible word "depression," spoken under the very roof of the White House after an audience with himself in the Oval Office.

The recession-depression was made worse by an investment community disloyal enough to curtail, not expand, plans for new plant and equipment. No wonder that as early as the spring of 1981 David Stockman began to confide his doubts about supply-side miracles to his great friend William Greider. He soon had company. By September of the same year, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, in palmier days head man at Merrill Lynch, was reduced to scolding his former associates in this poignant *cri de coeur*: "The Administration has done its job. It has provided just what American industry said it needed to transform our economy. . . . Yet I must stand here today and ask: Where is the business response? Where are the expansion plans? It's like dropping a coin down a well—all I'm hearing is an empty clink."

Just to make things intellectually if not politically worse, the skittish recovery now under way bears not the remotest resemblance to those supply-side scenarios in which the leading role is played by risk-taking entrepreneurs. Investment continues to shrink; the most recently revised forecasts by the Council of Economic Advisers contemplate unemployment at close to 10 percent for the rest of 1983, with scant improvement in 1984. Scarcely a supply-sider is left on the Reagan team. At Treasury, Beryl Sprinkel is the last, lonely exponent of the competing monetarist fallacy.

THE AWFUL TRUTH is that the recovery, such as it is, is an old-time Keynesian event. Let us count the ways in which the current economic news merits so ghastly a label.

First, last summer Paul Volcker and his six clones junked the monetarist experiment pursued by the Federal Reserve since October 1979. (Yes, Jimmy Carter appointed Volcker, not the smallest of his sins against his fellow creatures.) Reverting to traditional Keynesian emphasis upon interest rates, the Fed began pumping up M-1, M-2, and the other Ms barely in time to limit Republican losses in the midterm election—another of those odd political coincidences that punctuate postwar relationships between the ostensibly independent Fed and each transient White House resident. Second, in response to actual and anticipated personal income tax reductions, as well as lower mortgage and installment rates, consumers cautiously began to buy a few more houses and cars. Third, Pentagon hardware procurement, an unpleasant variant of the public works advocated in a recession by good Keynesians, began to pick up speed. Finally, OPEC disarray reduced gasoline and home heating oil prices. Just as OPEC's 1973 and 1979 coups in effect raised taxes on the citizens of oil-importing nations, the current price slide is the equivalent of a tax cut that leaves more spendable dollars in the possession of average Americans.

Most economy-watchers blame the feebleness of recovery not upon Keynesian doctrine but upon supply-side blunders. Reckless tax cutting and headlong arms spending have generated huge and increasing budget deficits. At some point in the recovery, when business investment finally demonstrates signs of life, corporate financing requirements will jostle Treasury borrowing, shove interest rates upward, and plunge the economy downward into renewed contraction. The fact that in the spring of 1983 interest rates still are historically high and show signs of rising testifies to the skepticism on the part of the financially informed about the permanence of this Administration's single victory: the cooling of inflation. As Mrs. Thatcher has demonstrated in unlucky England, it is no

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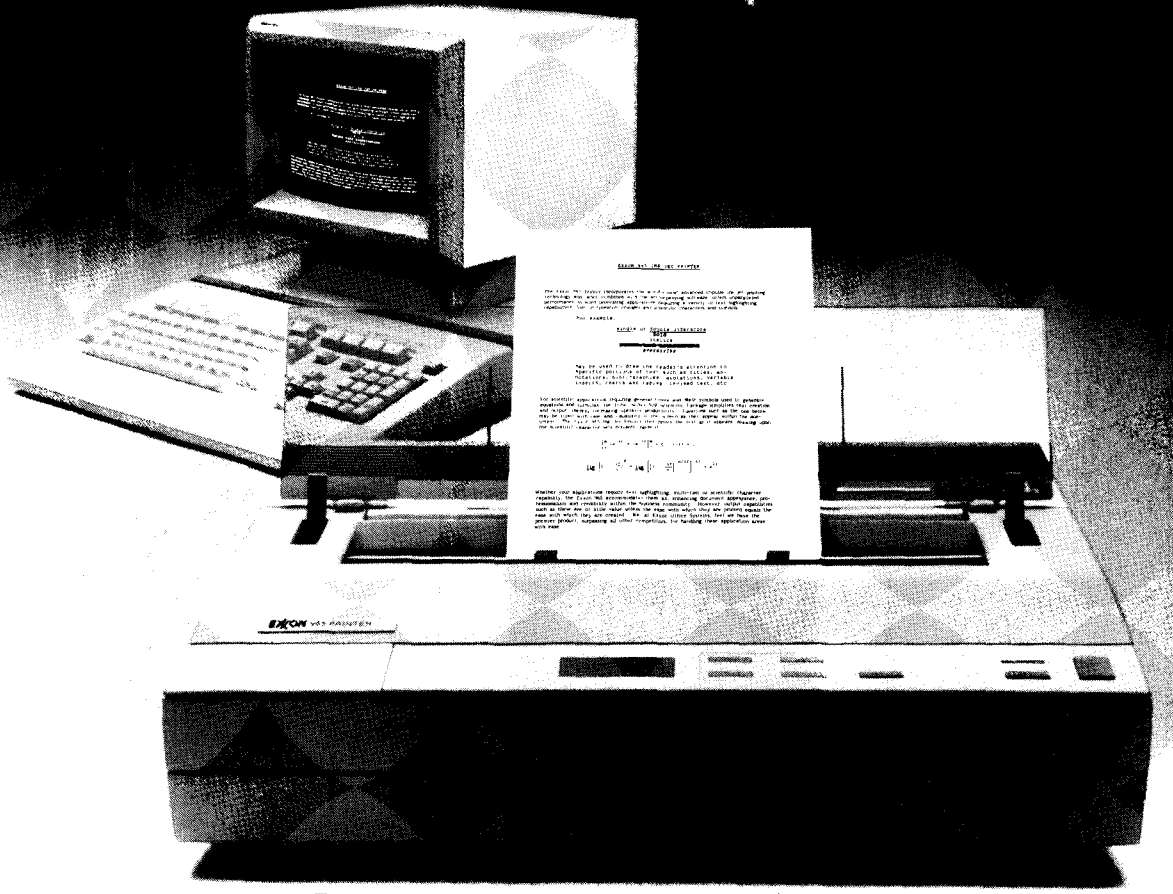

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great feat to tame inflation. Thirteen percent unemployment will do the trick every time. Here at home 10 percent apparently suffices.

Americans are less patient, or less masochistic, than their British cousins. Hence the Reagan Administration's unacknowledged retreat from Reaganomics. The retreat, of course, is to a version of Keynesianism. It was C.E.A. Chairman Martin Feldstein who briskly dismissed supply-side economics last year at his Senate confirmation hearings as "proven decisively wrong." Monetarists, hedgehogs who knew one big thing (that firm control of the money supply was the beginning and end of sound economic policy), now quarrel over the definition of money itself, bicker over which M is the one to be regulated, brood over the fickleness of the velocity with which money, whatever it is, changes hands, and forecast the course of the economy with the precision of astrology.

Pleasant as it undeniably is to witness the punishment of error, three wrongs do not make even a single right. The failures of monetarist and supply-side therapies do not establish the soundness of the Keynesian pharmacopeia.

We should be properly grateful for the role Keynesian policies played for a generation after World War II, a period in which living standards climbed, the violence of the business cycle diminished, and global growth accelerated. But the same policies worked far less well in the 1970s and the 1980s. And it is now clear that Keynes underestimated both the inflationary potential of full employment and the impact on public expectations of continuous inflation without serious interruption for so long a period. Keynes exaggerated the competitiveness of the private sector and, in some moods, the efficacy of fiscal and monetary remedies. For the last decade and a half, economists have fretted over Phillips curve trade-offs between inflation and unemployment. This year, without apology, the *Economic Report of the President* set 6 to 6.5 percent unemployment as the appropriate policy objective half a decade from now because, its authors argued, any smaller figure would be highly inflationary.

FOR KEYNESIANS, then, the question remains: is it possible to combine high employment, say the 4 percent quaintly advanced as the 1983 goal by the Humphrey-Hawkins Act, with acceptable levels of inflation, perhaps the same number? The answer for small or even medium-sized countries is probably no—unless major trading partners pursue similar strategies. François Mitterrand was compelled to retreat from Keynesian expansionism, redistributive taxation, and further nationalization of industry and finance partly because French capital fled from the terrors of socialism. The rest of the explanation involved the comparative prices of French and competing merchandise. Because Germany, Britain, and the United States were deflating their economies, French goods soared in price in comparison with those of rivals, the balance of payments suffered, and the franc had to be devalued twice.

Foreign trade is more important to Americans than it used to be, and the American economy is a smaller fraction of the global economy than it was in the 1950s, when the American writ ran without effective challenge. Nevertheless, our share of free-world output is still so large that vigorous expansion here is likely to stimulate activity in Europe and Japan. This says no more than that, other circumstances favoring, determined American expansion toward full employment need not share the French fate.

How favorable are the "other circumstances"? The inflationary bias in our economy is far stronger than it was in the 1960s, when, until the Vietnam disaster terminated the idyll, we enjoyed one of the longest episodes of non-inflationary growth in business cycle annals. Even then, it is worth recalling, the astute Keynesians who shaped Kennedy-Johnson policy—Walter Heller, James Tobin, Kermit Gordon, Gardner Ackley, Arthur Okun—felt the need to supplement fiscal and monetary policy with wage-price guideposts.

The guideposts lacked the force of law. Today stronger measures seem essential for an economy in which inflationary expectations at best are dormant. In the face of declining sales, auto and steelmakers raise prices and cry for protection against Japanese exports. Property owners have acquired huge stakes in prospective capital gains from the sale of their homes. Bankers and oilmen worry as much or more about falling energy prices than they did when OPEC was quadrupling its charges.

A WORKABLE incomes policy, the essential complement to full-employment monetary and fiscal measures, comes in a choice of coercions. One, preferred by a majority of the minority of economists at all sympathetic to incomes policy, deploys tax policy. TIP, for tax-based incomes policy, concentrates on price and wage setters. Corporations and unions will get tax refunds if they heed price and wage guideposts, or, in the stick version, subject themselves to tax surcharges if they don't. TIP employs the market, cherished by all right-minded economists, to further public objectives. The second approach starts with the perception that in large portions of the American economy, two or three producers dominate their industry's pricing policy. In industries where market power is concentrated, mandatory price controls, judiciously applied, do little more than substitute the judgment of public for private bureaucrats.

As yet, TIP has not undergone the trial of experience. Like other devices, it is all but certain to be more complex in practice than in conception. Controls are notoriously difficult to administer fairly and efficiently. But the only conventionally acceptable alternatives are worse: indefinite operation of the economy at high levels of unemployment or equally wasteful alternations of inflationary expansion and deflationary recession.

Much as incomes policy supplements but does not supplant Keynesian techniques, industrial policy can be comprehended as a more specifically purposeful set of investment stimuli than that of *The General Theory*. In 1935 Keynes was willing to spend public money on anything

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just to set the multiplier process in motion. Thus Robert B. Reich's *The Next American Frontier* responds in its program to the failures of American management and education and to the corresponding achievements of the Japanese model. Reich proposes to reward enterprises that retrain their employees, improve instead of desert their communities, avoid layoffs, cherish workers as precious human capital even more valuable than the inanimate variety. It is an intelligently conservative strategy, which avoids central planning, works with market forces, and deploys government in support of private enterprise.

Reich talks to the leading Democrats. So do Lester Thurow and Felix Rohatyn. One suspects that the battles for the hearts and minds of the aspiring Presidential nominees is over variations of by-now-familiar recipe ingredients—some adaptation of Rohatyn's revived Reconstruction Finance Corporation; targeted education, training, and retraining initiatives; tax encouragement of investment; special emphasis on research and development; and, hovering in the background, some politically thinkable incomes policy—if one exists.

Even the United Auto Workers' domestic-content legislation fits, with a little ingenuity, under the rubric of industrial policy. Its advocates predict that we will benefit from an infusion of Japanese investment, and perhaps still more from the opportunity to inspect at close range Japanese handling of technology, factory organization, inventory control, and human relations.

THIS IS THE NEAT, tidied-up Keynes, the textbook Keynes who deplored involuntary unemployment and explained how economic policy could counteract recession. Some capitalists have been astute enough to grasp the lessons of this Keynes, who saved their necks and fortunes in the 1930s and gave them pro-business tax cuts and investment incentives in the 1960s. But another Keynes lurked within the pages of *The General Theory*—a Keynes who was pessimistic about the viability of capitalism for reasons that echo Marxist prophecies of declining rates of profit. Listen:

> Today and presumably for the future, the schedule of the marginal efficiency of capital [Keynes's synonym for expected profits] is, for a variety of reasons, much lower than it was in the nineteenth century. The acuteness and peculiarity of our contemporary problem arises, therefore, out of the possibility that the average rate of interest which will allow a reasonable average level of employment is one so unacceptable to the wealth-owners that it cannot be readily established by manipulating the supply of money.

Here was the germ of the secular stagnation doctrine articulated in the late 1930s at Harvard by Alvin Hansen.

Keynes never advocated socialism as a substitute for capitalism, at least in part because of the horrible Russian example. Capitalism had positive virtues. It fostered individualism, and

> individualism, if it can be purged of its defects and abuses, is the best safeguard of personal liberty in the sense that, compared with any other system, it greatly widens the field for the exercise of personal choice. It is also the best safeguard of the variety of life, which emerges precisely from this extended field of personal choice, and the loss of which is the greatest of all the losses of the homogeneous or totalitarian state. For this variety preserves the traditions which embody the most secure and successful choices of former generations; it colors the present with the diversification of its fancy. . . .

The echo of Bloomsbury trembles in the air.

All the same, the "defects and abuses" were, in Keynes's eyes, gross—above all mass unemployment and flagrant inequities in the distribution of income and wealth. Keynes looked forward to the "euthanasia" of rentiers, redistributive taxation—particularly of inheritances, and "a somewhat comprehensive socialization of investment" as "the only means of securing an approximation to full employment." Here is a Keynes with whom Sweden's Olaf Palme and France's François Mitterrand can be quite comfortable.

IN SUM, Keynes has not disappeared as an influence on thought and policy. Now that the monetarists and supply-siders have been tested and have flunked, Keynes more and more sets the terms of policy debate in the democratic world. The Swedes, who anticipated Keynes in the work of Wicksell, Ohlin, and Myrdal, among others, have even moved on from two of Keynes's goals—full employment and diminished inequality—toward a third, his "somewhat comprehensive socialization of investment," in the shape of their Meidner Plan for worker ownership.

As for the more conventional Keynes, in backward lands like the United States he seems to be an ex officio member of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve. Our Treasury Secretary hopes consumers will lead us out of the wilderness to the promised land of prosperity. Keynes inspires industrial policy mavens, incomes policy advocates, and vote-hunting Democrats. There is even a protectionist Keynes on call for fans of domestic content bills.

The other big anniversary, of course, is that of the New Deal, a mere fifty years old. Between them, Keynes (b. 1883) and Roosevelt (b. 1882) have indeed soured for true believers the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the passing of Marx (d. 1883). Capitalism still shows signs of life and capitalists still show flashes of intelligence. For better or worse, these are among the legacies of the man who wrote that "the ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed the world is ruled by little else. Practical men, who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back . . . soon or late, it is ideas, not vested interests, which are dangerous for good or evil."

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Brought to Light

What's the point of investigating material that a great artist discarded? In theory, none. In practice, much of the time, none. (I don't like to hear the *Leonore Overture No. 2*: why get the piece half-baked when Beethoven did it better next time out?) But once in a while, the discarded material is good in itself and is enlightening about the artist's known work. (Joyce's *Stephen Hero* vis-à-vis *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.) And that's the case with *Unknown Chaplin*.

Unknown Chaplin
(Thames Television International)

This is a three-part TV series made for Thames Television International of Britain—three fifty-two-minute programs, each of which is in two parts to allow for commercials, I guess. Kevin Brownlow and David Gill, well-known film historians and filmmakers, were researching another project when they came across some of this material. Lady Chaplin had permitted them access to Chaplin's vault for the initial project: they discovered this treasure and changed projects. The discoveries in the vault led to discoveries elsewhere. Sensitive editing, careful braiding of interviews with a few surviving Chaplin colleagues, an engagingly spoken narration by James Mason, and the result is a priceless addition to the Chaplin heritage.

Part One consists mainly of outtakes from the Mutual period, 1916-1917. But "outtakes" is not the precise word: this is not material omitted when the picture was being finally edited, it is progressive. The narration tells us truly that Chaplin rehearsed on film, revised on film. Costs, including his salary, were not negligible by the scale of the day, still he already had the power to use this method if he chose. What is artistically more relevant is that we see an experienced music-hall performer, accustomed to the tryout of new material before audiences with only their reactions to guide him, relishing the fact that here he could be in both positions: could do it, then could watch himself doing it. "This is too good to be true," we can almost hear him saying about this process as the takes of a scene increase and increase, as the scene gets better and better.

For instance, *The Cure*, done in April 1917. We see samples of the first seventy-six takes of a sequence shot in the courtyard of a spa hotel. When the slate goes to 76a, we have moved outside and a fountain has become a well. Through these takes, Chaplin has been a bellhop. By slate 84 he has become one of the guests, soused. By slate 622 we're back in the lobby, with the drunk as traffic cop in a jam of wheelchairs. Later, the sequence is dropped, but Chaplin keeps the role of the drunken guest.

The highlight of Part One is the development of my favorite Mutual film, *The Immigrant*, which followed *The Cure* and was finished only two months afterward. (The Mutual films were all two reels.) Many of us have thought so long of *The Immigrant* in a particular way that it's healthily astonishing to see how pragmatically Chaplin arrived at the finished film. He began, not with social commentary in mind, but with a sheerly comic restaurant scene. Stout, affable Henry Bergman, a Chaplin familiar, is a supposedly ferocious waiter; Chaplin is the penniless, hungry Tramp watching Bergman rough up a customer who can't pay his bill. Bergman isn't scary enough. He is replaced by the even bigger and fiercer Chaplin familiar, Eric Campbell. Edna Purviance is seated at another table, and Chaplin eyes her adoringly as she ignores him. But the scene isn't coming together. Then Chaplin gets the key inspiration: what's needed is a prior sequence to give weight to this one. That opening sequence is on a ship: Chaplin and Purviance are fellow immigrants in steerage. (Bergman is a fat seasick woman.) When they accidentally meet again in the restaurant, they know each other. Her mother, whom we've seen on the ship, is now dead—information conveyed cinematically by a black-bordered handkerchief. To a gag situation have been added pathos, tenderness, and the chance for Chaplin to play the cavalier, which helps to build the Tramp's character and to make his difficulties funnier. (And Bergman is now an artist who sees the pair in the restaurant and offers them modeling work.)

What started as an attempt to get laughs out of a restaurant scene has evolved backwards into a romantic-ironic comedy about the Land of Opportunity.

Part Two covers the years 1918-1931. Jackie Coogan today comments on his experiences with Chaplin, and we see the boy Jackie do a shimmy, which Chaplin had taught him, to entertain a group of visiting exhibitors. Lita Grey Chaplin, very cordial considering the fact that Chaplin never even mentions her name in his autobiography, tells of the location work for *The Gold Rush* and how she had to quit the picture because of pregnancy. Georgia Hale, who re-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Betrayal. Impeccable directing, acting, editing give added weight to one of Pinter's lesser plays, make it seem almost inseparable from the film medium.

The Draughtsman's Contract. Possibly the only Restoration film script, much more than merely unique. Peter Greenaway's writing and direction reveal the cruelty under the dazzling elegance.

Monty Python's The Meaning of Life. If this isn't the meaning of life, what on earth is? Six of the wittiest men alive, as amusing and perceptive as ever and a good deal more disturbing than before.

Tender Mercies. Robert Duvall is perfect in Horton Foote's understated theological allegory about a Texas singer-composer who hits the alcoholic skids and comes back just as far as he wants to. The film's quietness echoes.

SK

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placed her and who was immortalized by the role, recalls how dissatisfied Chaplin was with Virginia Cherrill's work in *City Lights*. Cherrill herself frankly confirms this, and we see the last scene of that film with Hale replacing her as the blind girl. It's shocking. (A bit like the screen-test sequence in *8½* where we see other actors as the people whom we have been watching up to that point.) Hale, so fine as the dance-hall prostitute in *The Gold Rush*, may have had more talent than Cherrill, but she lacked the right personal quality for the blind flower seller.

For this and other reasons, Chaplin was forced to reengage Cherrill. She tells us that her friend Marion Davies convinced her that she had Chaplin over a barrel, that she could now ask for any salary she liked. So, she says, she asked for twice what she had been getting, and got it: $150 a week. (Chaplin, who spent freely on perfecting story and performance, was reputedly tight-fisted on salaries and on production elements like scenery.) Then we see that last scene as it became world famous, with Cherrill. She may not have been much of an actress, but Chaplin (like De Sica after him) was a wonderful director of nonactors who used the film medium like a hawk, to hover and to pounce on the one moment when the nonartist matched feeling with expression. I don't know what number the take was, but the last scene of *City Lights* is one of the glories of film history.

The pinnacle of Part Two is the sequence in which Chaplin progressively changes the scene in *City Lights* where the Tramp first meets the flower girl, discovers that she is blind, and leaves her with the impression that he is a rich man. I won't give all the details of refinement (including the dousing that De Sica later paraphrased in *Miracle in Milan*). The making of the scene is an insight into two kinds of mastery, film and theater. This scene, like most of *City Lights*, like much else of Chaplin's work, was possible only to a man steeped in Victorian-Edwardian melodrama, who believed in it and knew how to perform it.

Part Three, called "Unshown Chaplin," includes some private footage, such as Chaplin doing the roll dance from *The Gold Rush* in his own persona. (Press notes say it was at a New York party in 1926.) And there's an early sequence about a manager of trained fleas, which he saved, and improved, for *Limelight*. But the high point of the section is a completely edited seven-minute sequence with which Chaplin planned, for a time, to begin *City Lights*. The shape is a classic of vaudeville and circus clowning, the inverted pyramid—a complex series of events following from a small action. The Tramp idly attempts to dislodge, with his cane, a small piece of wood stuck between the bars of a sidewalk grating outside a shop window. Eventually this involves other people, then a crowd, then window dressers inside the shop, then (of course) the police. I'm glad of two things: that *City Lights* begins as it does (the Tramp discovered sleeping in the arms of a statue when it's unveiled); that this sequence has been rediscovered. It's a gem.

Chaplin, despite the glare of international publicity, was always somewhat mysterious, and his autobiography didn't do much to clear things up. Besides the omission of projects that he started and dropped, sometimes finished and dropped, the book says very little about his working methods. In *Unknown Chaplin* one take of *City Lights* is slate 4,337. Doubtless the number applied to more than one sequence; still it demonstrates almost manic perfectionism. This TV series also exhibits his moodiness and broodiness. On *City Lights* the studio work sheets show that, in the first 83 days of production, the company was idle on 62 days: in the next 534 days, idle on 368. Chaplin was at home, perhaps thinking, perhaps being despondent, perhaps just at home.

These three programs, which really constitute a (nearly) three-hour film, don't begin to clear up all the mysteries about Chaplin. On the one hand, we can ask righteously: Why should all his secrets be explained? On the other, we know very well that we'd leap to see more—anything that would bring us closer to his genius, that would extend and widen his posthumous life. At this writing, *Unknown Chaplin* has not been set for American broadcast or theatrical release. (I saw it at the Museum of Broadcasting in New York). But it exists; it will be seen. And seen and seen. Thanks to Brownlow and Gill, to Lady Chaplin, to Thames Television and all others involved, more of Chaplin is now in the world.

Reconsideration: 'Oliver Twist.'

THE SPELL OF FAGIN

BY IRVING HOWE

WITH THE opening chapters of *Oliver Twist*, Dickens made his way, forever, into world literature. His place in the English tradition was already secure: he had written *The Pickwick Papers*, a work of spectacular comic gifts, marred, it's true, by sentimentalism but lovely as an idyll of gentlemanly Christian innocence. *The Pickwick Papers* seems utterly English, a fiction attuned to the idiosyncracies of its own culture. *Oliver Twist*, however, can attract and hold almost every kind of imagination, since its main figures—the defenseless waif, the devilish fence, the unctuous beadle—speak a language of gesture and symbol that quite transcends national cultures. Drawn with those expressionist stabs of language that would become one of Dickens's major resources, *Oliver Twist* anticipates such later, greater novels as *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*. True, it lacks the compositional richness and maturity of feeling we find in Dickens's culminating work; but in its opening chapters, where Oliver is coldly brutalized by agents of English society, and in the sequence where Oliver is kidnapped and taken by Bill Sykes on a housebreaking expedition, we can recognize the Dickens who belongs in the company of Gogol, Balzac, and Dostoevsky.

It has been customary in recent decades to speak of at least two Dickenses,

Irving Howe's *A Margin of Hope: An Intellectual Autobiography*, was published last year by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. This essay will appear as introduction to a new Bantam Classic edition of *Oliver Twist*, available in July.

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the first an exuberant performer of comedy and the second a mordant social critic increasingly expert in the uses of symbolic grotesquerie. Modern literary criticism has understandably focused on the second, the dark and serious Dickens, but it's only in analysis that the two Dickenses can be separated. In the strongest novels, entertainer and moralist come to seem shadows of one another—finally two voices out of the same mouth.

The entertainer takes over now and again in *Oliver Twist*. He is splendidly busy in the chapter where Bumble courts Mrs. Corney, with one hand round her waist and both eyes on her silver, while expressing—definitively, for all the ages—"the great principle of out-of-door relief," which is "to give the paupers exactly what they don't want, and then they get tired of coming."

Entertainer and moralist are not always at ease with one another; they tend at some points to go about their business separately; and that's one reason we find it unprofitable to keep *Oliver Twist* neatly placed in a categorical bin—is the book a crime story, a fairy tale, a novel of education, a social melodrama? The only sensible answer is that it is all of these together, mixed up with Dickens's usual disregard for the boundaries of genre.

FOR all our pleasure in its comic play, *Oliver Twist* finally grips us as a story of moral rage. The opening chapters may seem a little too declamatory, even strident—some of Dickens's furious interjections might well have been cut. But remember, this is a young man's book, full of anger and mistakes; and one's deepest response to the "overture" of the first few chapters isn't critical at all, it is a blend of astonishment and admiration. Oliver begging, "I want more"; the horrible chimney sweep Gamfield explaining that "boys is wery obstinit, and wery lazy, and there's nothing like a good hot blaze to make 'em come down [from chimneys] with a run"; Bumble growing warm over the ingratitude of the poor ("It's meat," he opines, that has made Oliver so refractory); Dickens sputtering on his own that he wishes he could see "The Philosopher" (read, economist) "making the same sort of meal himself, with the same relish" that Oliver has just made—such bits of incident must survive in collective memory as long as the world knows the bitter taste of the insolence of office.

Later on Dickens would often misuse his gifts, sometimes as the result of sheer exuberance, sometimes through a retreat from the fearful conclusions to which his imagination kept driving him—for how could the most popular novelist of Victorian England acknowledge to himself that his strongest books formed a scathing condemnation of early industrial capitalism? Often there is a deep split between what Dickens the writer shows and what his mind imposes on his concluding pages. But finally his imagination could never really be tamed, it could only be diverted—and even then it would break out again in spontaneous fury. Dickens had a passion for seeing things as they are.

A LITTLE BOY creeps through this book, an orphan, a waif, an outcast. He is a puling, teary little fellow, never rebellious for more than a few minutes, and seldom even angry. He is a perfect little gentleman who has managed somehow to come into the world, and the novel, with a finished code of morality. The wickedness of the world never stains him. Through all his wanderings in "foul and frowzy dens, where vice is closely packed"—as Dickens puts it in his preface to the novel's third edition—Oliver maintains a sublime loyalty to English grammar. Starved, beaten, terrorized, kidnapped, he is nevertheless unwilling to resort to the foul language or gutter slang it may be reasonable to suppose he has heard in the slums of London.

To some readers this represents a strain on their credulity, and so indeed it would be if Oliver were conceived by Dickens as an ordinary realistic figure, just another boy thrust into "the cold, wet, shelterless midnight streets of London." But it would be a mistake to see Oliver in that way. Dickens himself tells us, again in the preface to the third edition, that "I wished to show, in little Oliver, the *principle* of Good surviving through every adverse circumstance and triumphing at last." I stress the word "principle" in order to suggest that more is at stake here than the life of an individual character.

For Oliver is one in a series of recurrent figures in the Dickens world, slightly anticipated in Pickwick but more fully realized in Little Dorrit. Oliver is emblematic of "the principle of Good" sent into the world on a journey of suffering. This journey, which has some points of similarity to that of Christian in Bunyan's *Pilgrims Progress*, Oliver undertakes with no armor other than a blessed helplessness. Oliver is not expected to overcome the evil of the world, nor to struggle vigorously against it, nor even to learn much from his suffering. He is not a figure of strong imposing will—on the contrary, he is usually ready to accept whatever burdens the world imposes on him. He acts only to refuse evil, never to combat it. Yet, as if by some miracle of grace, this journeyer emerges from his experience morally immaculate, quite like the hero of a Western movie who after gun fights and killings doesn't even need to straighten his hat. Everywhere about Oliver evil thrives, but at the end he is as pure as at the start.

This celebration of the passive hero is sometimes related to primitive Christianity, though perhaps what we really mean is that it forms an historical residue of Christianity, clung to by those who can no longer believe God is omnipotent or even attentive, and who must consequently make of passivity a substitute for active moral engagement. The modern sensibility finds this view of things very hard to accept, even though it is a view that keeps recurring, as a benefit of desperation, in modern literature.

Yet in his very powerlessness Oliver reveals an enormous power: the world cannot destroy him. It is as if he had received, from whom we can hardly say, that blessing that mother Rachel schemed so hard to get for her son Jacob. Clearly, no one in this world had blessed Oliver, his blessing must have come from another world; and if so, all it can do for him, through the main stretch of the book, is to protect without rescuing him. It's as if God had given Oliver all that He can—which in the world of Dickens's London is not enough.

Such feelings about "the principle of Good" are by no means unique to Dickens: they are to be found among many sincere Christians. Dostoevsky called Dickens "that great Christian" and saw in Pickwick "a positively good man," perhaps a faint emblem of Christ. The creator of Myshkin would have understood why Dickens located "the principle of Good" in a completely helpless little boy.

To gather Dickens's intentions re-

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garding Oliver is not, however, to find his treatment entirely satisfying. Most readers learn to brush past Oliver, seeing him as a (slightly inconvenient) convenience of the plot. We care about what happens to him, but hardly suppose anything much is happening within him. Still, it's worth asking why Dickens's effort to realize "the principle of Good"—always very difficult for a novelist—seems shaky in *Oliver Twist* and relatively successful in *Little Dorrit*. A plausible answer might be that Oliver, no matter how extreme his suffering, never gets past the conventions of middle-class behavior. One of his few signs of spontaneous life is the burst of laughter with which he watches Fagin and the boys pantomime the picking of a gentleman's pocket; but whenever Oliver is with Mr. Brownlow, Rose Maylie, and other paragons of middle-class virtue, he serves mostly as their parrot. Such a goody-goody doesn't make a persuasive agent of "the principle of Good," if only because he seems so inert before the temptations of the Bad. Little Dorrit, by contrast, cares nothing about status or respectability; she neither accepts nor rejects the standards of the world; she is beyond their reach, a selfless creature forever assuaging, healing, and loving those near her. It took Dickens the better part of a lifetime to discover what "the principle of Good" really is.

Fleeing poorhouse and apprenticeship, Oliver makes his way to the big city: there is no place else to go. His entry into London, stylishly eased by the Artful Dodger, forms a critical moment in the history of nineteenth-century literature—one of the first encounters with the modern city as physical presence, emblem of excitement, social specter, locus of myth. The early Dickens is still vibrantly responsive to whatever seems fresh in the world; he takes an eager pleasure in the discovery of streets. For him the city is a place of virtuosity where men can perform with freedom and abandonment: London as the glass enlarging upon the antics of Sam Weller, Sarry Gamp, and a bit later, Micawber. But London—this note is first struck in *Oliver Twist*—is also pesthole and madhouse, a place of terror from which the child-hero must be rescued periodically through a convalescence in the countryside.

Now it is the mixture of these contradictory feelings about the city that helps give the novel its distinctive tone of diffuse anxiety. The contradictory feelings about the city interweave, clash, and run along uneasy parallels, and from the tension they generate Dickens makes his drama. The darkening vision that will overwhelm Dickens's later novels is already present, shadow-like, in *Oliver Twist*—that vision which will prompt him to write in *Our Mutual Friend* that London is "a hopeless city, with no rent in the leaden canopy of its sky. . . ." Yet in *Oliver Twist* London is also the home of spectacle, lurid and grotesque, and one of Dickens's narrative purposes—slyly helped along by the sequence that starts with the Artful Dodger discovering the hungry Oliver and ends when the boy is brought to Fagin's den—is to involve us in Oliver's excitements of discovery. But more than involve: it is a saving characteristic of this novel that we are never limited to Oliver's milky perceptions.

Fagin's den, one of the spittled grey-and-black hovels in which he hides out, is reached by a labyrinth of stairs, eerie and dark. "The walls and ceilings . . . were perfectly black with age and dirt," but, it's important to note, there is a fire in the den before which "a very old shrivelled Jew, whose villainous-looking and repulsive face was obscured by a quantity of matted red hair," stands roasting some meat. Here Dickens's ambivalence about the city—which finally is to say, about English society—reaches a high point: this London hovel is hell yet also a wretched sort of home, these are thieves and murderers yet also lively figures who have made for themselves a perverse sort of community.

The point is well elaborated by J. Hillis Miller:

> Fagin's den is both a dungeon and a place of refuge. It is . . . absolutely shut off from the outside world, but it is also a parody, at least, of a home, that place where one lives safely. . . . Fagin's den [says Dickens] is a "snug retreat," and inside its walls we find a society leagued for common protection against the hostility of the outside world.

Those of us who have but little taste for a romantic glorification of criminality will resist the temptation to see Dickens as totally caught up with the world of Fagin and Sykes—though the accounts we have of Dickens's public

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readings from *Oliver Twist*, in which he impersonated its characters with a terrifying vividness, suggest that part of him must have felt a subterranean kinship with these outlaws. (Less, I think, with their crimininal deeds than with their experience as outsiders.) We are surely meant by Dickens to deplore the thieves and murderers, to feel disgust and fright before them. Yet their enormous vitality and articulateness of feeling put them in the sharpest contrast to the blandness of the "good" characters. Fagin and his gang talk like recognizable human beings, Mr. Brownlow and the Maylies as if they had stepped out of a copybook. And when the Artful Dodger, in one of Dickens's most brilliant set-pieces, is dragged into court, he sounds like a comic echo of Julien Sorel at the end of *The Red and the Black*. "Gentlemen, I have not the honor to belong to your class," Julien tells his jurors. "This ain't the shop for justice," the Artful Dodger tells his judges.

The living core of the novel is neither the story of Oliver nor the depiction of his protectors; it is primarily those segments of narrative devoted to Fagin and his gang. Just as Dostoevsky often yielded himself to the sinners he was determined finally to make suffer, so Dickens yielded himself to the criminals he knew had to be brought to a relentless punishment. We are talking here not about conscious intent but those energies of the unconscious which, in every true writer, shape his values.

Fagin is the strongest figure in the book—certainly the most troubling. He is more figure than character, and more force than figure. He barely exists as an individual—barely needs to. We learn nothing about his interior life, we are not invited to see him as "three dimensional," except, minimally, in the glittering chapter toward the end, where he sits in prison waiting to be hanged and suffers that terror of death which finally makes him one of us. Nor is Fagin given the sort of great redeeming speech that Shakespeare gives Shylock. Fagin does cry out before his death, "What right have they to butcher me?" but this has little of the generalizing moral resonance of Shylock's "Hath not a Jew eyes?" Clever and cunning, with a talent for mimicking the moral axioms of the respectable world, Fagin is all of a piece, monolithic, a creature of myth. He never rises to Shylock's tragic height, he never so much as becomes a character at all. Fagin is an emanation of historical myth, generic, emblematic, immensely powerful. Having so created him—or better yet, having so dredged him up out of the folk imagination—Dickens had no need to worry about nuances of depiction.

AND FAGIN, we cannot forget, is "the Jew." Throughout the novel he is called "the Jew," though in revising for a later edition, especially in the chapter devoted to Fagin's last night, Dickens tried to soften the impact by substituting "Fagin" for "the Jew." It did not help or matter very much: Fagin remains "the Jew" and whoever wants to confront this novel honestly must confront the substratum of feeling that becomes visible through Dickens's obsessive repetition of "the Jew." The film adaptation made several decades ago in England did precisely that. Alec Guinness impersonated Fagin with brilliant, indeed, frightening effect, putting heavy stress on the idea of an archetypical Jewish villain, as well as a secondary stress on the homosexual component of Fagin's gang that Dickens could only hint at.

Most critics have been skittish about Fagin. They have either ignored Dickens's fixed epithet, "the Jew," as if there were nothing problematic or disconcerting about it, or they have tried to blunt the meaning of Dickens's usage by "explaining" Fagin historically. There is, of course, something to explain. Dickens himself, in a letter to a Jewish woman who had protested the stereotypical treatment of Fagin, sought to reduce the problem to one of contemporary verisimilitude. "Fagin," he wrote, "is a Jew because it unfortunately was true, of the time to which the story refers, that that class of criminal almost invariably was a Jew." Whether this was "almost invariably" so is a question, but that some fences were Jewish is certainly true. One of these, Ikey Solomons, had been tried and sentenced in a spectacular trial only a few years before Dickens wrote *Oliver Twist*, and it seems likely that Dickens, with his keen reportorial scent, drew upon this case.

I am convinced that, despite some conventionally nasty phrases about Jews in his letters, Dickens was not an anti-Semite—he had neither conscious nor programmatic intent to harm Jews. Indeed, a writer with such intent could probably not have created so "primi-

IN ROUGH WEATHER
for Steve Lake

The storm blew up so suddenly,
cresting the hills, we just had time
to leave our hooks where they had caught
on the first cast, quickly cutting lines
and aiming our prow across the lake
to race the storm. Crouched in the hull,
I shouted directions while you fought,
with stuttering engine, swell after swell,
nosing our wave-clapped, drunken prow
into the whitecaps till it rang
or sipped at water in the troughs,
bellying to light. You timed each plunge
and kept us edging toward the shore
by starts—and when we took on water
and seemed, mid-lake, to stand stock-still,
you played big brother to your big brother,
steadying me with your steady skill.
And once, when we both thought we would flounder
and I looked back, we saw our fear
doubled by all that might go under—
and all that was dear was doubly dear.

PAUL LAKE

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tive" and therefore haunting a figure as Fagin. For, if the fascination with criminal life that's evident in *Oliver Twist* derives in some twisted way from Dickens's childhood traumas, the representative or mythic strength of Fagin comes, I believe, from somewhere else. It comes from the collective folklore, the sentiments and biases habitual to Western culture as these have fixed the Jew in the role of villain: thief, fence, corrupter of the young, surrogate of Satan, legatee of Judas. With Fagin, as Edgar Rosenberg says,

> we are . . . thrown back to that anonymous crowd of grinning devils who, in the religious drama of the fourteenth century, danced foully around the Cross and who, in mythology, functioned as bugaboos to frighten little boys. . . . [Dickens] has come up with some prehistoric fiend, an aging Lucifer whose depravity explains him wholly.

The spectral image of "the Jew" may indeed be "prehistoric" in the sense that it abides in the timeless spaces of myth, but it is also very much part of a continuous Western history. The image of the fiendish Jew has survived with remarkable persistence through the Christian centuries. Like Judas, Fagin has red hair, and like Satan, he is compared to a serpent.

> As Fagin glided stealthily along, creeping beneath the shelter of the walls and doorways, the hideous old man seemed like some loathsome reptile, engendered in the slime and darkness through which he moved: crawling forth, by night, in search of some rich offal for a meal.

Whenever we encounter such overripe language, Fagin expands into a figure other than human: he becomes a monster drawn from the bad dreams of Christianity.

Novels are composed by individual writers, but in some sense they also derive from the cultures in which these writers live. Collective sentiments, collective stories enter the most personal of fictions. Imagining a world, the writer must draw on the substance of his culture and thereby, so to say, the culture speaks through and past him. All great writers are in part ventriloquists of myth—some inferior writers, nothing else. Fagin the individual figure was conceived by Dickens, but Fagin the archetype comes out of centuries of myth, centuries, too, of hatred and fear.

The power of Fagin is a collective, an anonymous power. Once we realize this, the question of what "to do" about Fagin comes to seem hopelessly complicated—as if there were something one could "do" to expunge the record of the deepest biases of Western culture! As if one could somehow cancel out the shadowy grotesques of Satan and Judas, Shylock and the Wandering Jew! There is nothing to "do" but confront the historical realities of our culture, and all it has thrown up from its unsavory depths. That this can lead to reflections exceedingly somber I would be the last to deny.

THE ENDING of *Oliver Twist*, like the ending of that far greater book *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, is a mess. Theme and plot, uneasily stitched together for the bulk of the novel, are ripped apart at the end. Dickens rushes his plot to a neat conclusion which lifts Oliver to suburban security while, in effect, abandoning the theme of the book—which is simply the condition of all the Olivers.

Mark Twain, having launched his adolescent hero on a journey that washes away, in the sublime waters of the Mississippi, all signs of race and caste, has no plausible resolution for his story. For the idyll of Jim and Huck cannot last, the problems they have "transcended" on the raft persist on shore. Dickens, having launched his child-hero on a terrifying journey through the city, keeps accumulating social difficulties and contradictions that his plot cannot cope with. "Until Oliver wakes up in Mr. Brownlow's house," remarks Arnold Kettle, "he is a poor boy struggling against the inhumanity of the state. After he has slept himself into the Brownlow world he is a young bourgeois who has been done out of his property." Oliver's troubles are miraculously disposed of, through the generosity of Mr. Brownlow: a convenience for the plot and a disaster for the theme. But no serious reader is likely to be satisfied, for the difficulty is not just that the issues cast up by Oliver's story are left hanging in the air, it is that even if we confine ourselves to the narrow boundaries of Dickens's plot, the ending must seem weak and willed. Falling back on Mr. Brownlow, that is, on the individual benevolence of a kindly gentleman, Dickens could not confront the obvious truth that a Mr. Brownlow is utterly unequipped to deal with the

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problem of Oliver. Nor could Dickens confront the truth already prefigured in Blake's lines:

> Pity would be no more,
> If we did not make somebody Poor:
> And Mercy could no more be,
> If all were as happy as we . . .

Dickens's imagination had led him to a point where his mind could not follow. Endings are always a problem for novelists, and the problem for the young Dickens wasn't simply that he lacked the courage to see his story through to its bitter end, it was that he didn't really know what the bitter end might be. So he wound up, in the person of Mr. Brownlow, with that "Pity" and "Mercy" about which Blake had written so scornfully.

Even writers determined to show things as they really are, often have no choice but to leave us anxious and uncertain. Why should we expect "solutions" in their books to problems we cannot manage in our lives? Whatever is vibrant and real in *Oliver Twist* every reader will recognize; the rest is the filler of literary convention, here a sign of the evasions a writer must turn to when his imagination, overextended, is finally balked.

A Civilized Sensibility

Bartleby in Manhattan and Other Essays by Elizabeth Hardwick

(Random House, 292 pp., $15.95)

"Bartleby in Manhattan"—the very phrase has such a bright, pure sound. Or "The Portable Canterbury." The inventor of both these essay titles, one knows instantly, takes special satisfaction in crisp language.

The inventor is Elizabeth Hardwick. Primarily a novelist, she is also a serious and sophisticated nonfiction writer, as this collection—her third—proves beyond a doubt.

Some of the pieces are mere reviews, the inclusion of which (no matter how fine they are) one may question on the grounds of their temporality. More than half, however, are real essays—that is, true critical studies, or firsthand observations, or private impressions. She describes Selma, Alabama, in the midst of the civil rights strife; Memphis, Tennessee, immediately following Martin Luther King's murder; the various bizarre personalities associated with the Kennedy assassination; the astounding world of television evangelists. She ruminates upon such people as Thomas Mann, John Reed, and Ring Lardner—using as a jumping-off place, perhaps, some piece of reading, but spinning away from that along her own very personal paths of thought.

Whatever her subject, she has a gift for coming up with descriptions so thoughtfully selected, so exactly right, that they strike the reader as inevitable. A pale young Southerner has the "furry whiteness of a caterpillar." Bartleby the Scrivener's obstinate repetitions of "I prefer not to" are "hard pebbles of response." Robert Frost, with his warring traits of vanity and humility, resembles "two picture puzzles perversely dumped into one box and, no matter how much you try, the leg will never go rightly with the arm, nor this brown eye with that green one."

Shabby, small shops are shops "of great modesty"—a gentle, old-fashioned, and in fact modest phrase. When a platform is erected for mourning service, "little hammer blows" sound all night long. It's the "little" that does it. Nighttime hammer blows in themselves are trite, doom-filled, something out of a Western; that they are "little" is enough to make us actually hear their distinct and distant ring.

Here is Lee Harvey Oswald—a man we ourselves "know," so that we can compare the essayist's vision with our own:

> There is about him a special invisibility, a peculiar opacity. Those few persons who remain in doubt about his guilt are perhaps reinforced by the impenetrability of this disturbing figure. He does not seem equal in mania or in tenacity of Idea to the catastrophic deed. He had made the most dramatic and awful effort at self-definition but even so he remains buried, unyielding. He is pale, rancorous, with a special sullen yearning whose dimensions are impossible to measure. Odd words occur to those who remember him: he is all smirks and mutterings, silences and unsociable shrugs. We see him nearly always in some mood of strained, self-conscious chagrin. Not laughter or joking; only sulky refusals or arguments.

MERE APTITUDE of language, of course, is not sufficient. What makes *Bartleby in Manhattan* memorable is the sense of the author's firm character. "Pull yourself together," she says briskly to a racist who tells her he feels sick at the sight of an integrated crowd. Concerning Olga Ivinskaya's rather slushy apostrophe to Boris Pasternak ("The greater part of my conscious life has been devoted to you," and so on), her comment—typically sensible—is "What is the meaning of *conscious*?" When Stalin's daughter Svetlana remarks that God grants an easy death only to the just: "Svetlana does not seem to be well acquainted with His ways." And when a fellow critic writes that it would have been helpful to have some knowledge of the French Revolution before watching a certain play: "He did not explain what it was that held that knowledge at bay."

She catches odd quirks that most people miss. Were you aware, for instance, that Lee Harvey Oswald—who lived in the midst of that vast highway, Texas—could not drive a car? Has it occurred to you that some of the most serious and respectful biographies—of Simone Weil, of Sylvia Plath—reduce their subjects because they "obscure and blur by detail and by a wish, no doubt unconscious, to retain memories and moments of the normal and natural in a character of spectacular and in many ways exemplary abnormality"? Or that the situation following Martin Luther King's death was unusual in that it was not the killer, still at large, whom the town feared, but the dead man, and the turbulence his death might cause?

There are some unexpected lapses here—lapses of language, oddly enough. "Plentitude," a word the *O.E.D.* says does not exist, is used twice. A character's "social nature sits upon him comfortably, like a pair of blue eyes," which calls up the image of some extraterrestrial being with all his parts in the wrong places. Even more

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disquieting is the picture of an abstract idea cheerfully attending church, as in "But as a cheerful, merely social visitor to Trinity Church, this idea does not last . . ." when clearly the churchgoer was meant to be the lawyer who conceived the idea. And a list of Simone Weil's "ingrained refusals—luxuries of all kinds, personal comfort in the manner of living, indifference to girlish ways" suggests that one of the things she refused was an indifference to girlish ways. It seems obvious that these slips were made in haste rather than in ignorance. Since all of the essays were written for periodicals—either *The New York Times Book Review*, *Daedalus*, or *The New York Review of Books*—the author may have felt pressed for time. Why didn't an editor step in later, though?

Well, they're minor flaws. I offer the following paragraph on experimental literature as final proof of this book's basic excellence:

> What is honorable in [Kurt Vonnegut's] "so it goes" and in the mournful brilliance of Barthelme's stories (" 'Sylvia, do you think this is a good life?' The table held apples, books, long-playing records. She looked up. 'No.' "), in [Renata Adler's] *Speedboat*, in the conundrums of [Thomas Pynchon's] *V.* is the intelligence that questions the shape of life at every point. It is important to concede the honor, the nerve, the ambition—important even if it is hard to believe anyone in the world could be happier reading *Gravity's Rainbow* than reading *Dead Souls*.

In its forthrightness, in the precision of that "honor," "nerve," and "ambition," and above all in its willing recognition of the other side of an issue, that is the quintessential Elizabeth Hardwick observation. It demonstrates the delightful spikiness and originality of *Bartleby in Manhattan*.

ANNE TYLER

DIPLOMACY ON THE COUCH

The American Style of Foreign Policy: Cultural Politics and Foreign Affairs by Robert Dallek

(Knopf, 313 pp., $16.95)

On one level this is an engaging, informed survey of U.S. foreign policy since the 1890s. As he demonstrated in his prize-winning *Franklin Roosevelt and American Foreign Policy*, Robert Dallek knows how to map out large areas of history by highlighting the territory with revealing anecdotes and quotations. Thus he tells much about American policy by relating how "that quintessential American" and three-time Presidential nominee, William Jennings Bryan, once departed on a world tour. A well-wisher hoped that he would have an interesting trip through the Balkans. Bryan's face went blank. "What are the Balkans?" he asked. Bryan, of course, later became Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of State. His appointment belongs to a tradition kept green by N.S.C. advisers who require total intellectual retooling while simultaneously guiding the President on life-and-death decisions.

Dallek also focuses on illusions to explain recurrent policy problems. He quotes Lyndon Johnson, beset by anti-Vietnam demonstrations, wondering why young people did not "realize I'm really one of them? I always hated cops when I was a kid, and just like them I dropped out of school and took off for California. I'm not some conformist middle-class personality. I could never be bureaucratized." Dallek then observes, "But of course he had been," for, with some reason, Johnson and many other Americans feared that the romantic individualism of '60s youth was "destructive to the economic and political stability developed over the past seventy-five years." Dallek argues that too much of American foreign policy since the United States became a world power in the 1890s can be explained by a quest for certainty, a search for unity, both at home and abroad. He goes further, arguing that U.S. intervention abroad—whether in the Philippines during 1899-1902, Europe in 1917, Korea in 1950, or Vietnam in the 1960s—has been propelled by a demand for order overseas precisely because U.S. officials could not impose unity and order at home.

Historians have long marshaled evidence to show how Americans developed unique and enviable skills in exporting their economic surpluses and financial problems to other peoples. Dallek goes beyond that to argue that

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Americans have exported their neuroses and, if I understand him correctly, that U.S. officials have used their power to force other peoples to pay the price for those particular exports. (It might be noted here that he is both a professor of American history at U.C.L.A. and a research associate at the Southern California Psychoanalytic Institute.) Sometimes the price is higher than planned—for example, the deaths of more than a half-million Vietnamese and over twenty thousand Americans while Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger, in Dallek's words, desperately tried to make Vietnam "the focus of internal tensions over national character" that afflicted Americans in the late 1960s. Nixon's bloody policy of Vietnamization "was partly a reaffirmation of individual self-determination, a vicarious expression of faith in nineteenth-century American values" imposed on Asian peoples who had little understanding of those values. Dallek thus attempts to bring a new dimension to and provide a fresh synthesis of recent American history by focusing on "the impulse to make overseas affairs a vehicle for expressing unresolved internal tensions." Within limits, Dallek's effort to analyze "foreign policy as a product of emotional displacement," is valuable. Without doubt, the Progressives of the Theodore Roosevelt-Woodrow Wilson era determined to teach Latin Americans to "elect good men" because they wanted to teach corrupt political machines in the United States to do the same thing. That the Progressives failed to create an Athens in Chicago, Montgomery, or Jersey City was no reason not to try it in Managua or Port-au-Prince.

SUCH AN INSIGHT is useful. It allows us, for instance, to consider a current variation of the old Progressive urge. Anyone with any knowledge of Salvadoran or Nicaraguan history knows that it makes as much sense to base U.S. policy toward those countries on "open, democratic elections" as it is to base U.S. military planning on the hope that the Soviets will unilaterally disarm. Nothing in modern historical experience warrants such a hope. But a policy based on creating instant Jeffersonians out of right-wing terrorists and left-wing revolutionaries nevertheless persists. As former U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador Frank Devine once complained, Washington is one of the few capitals in the Western Hemisphere that really believes elections can resolve nearly any problem. This belief is natural given American tradition and ignorance of foreign cultures. Dallek would add that it also results from an attempt "to use foreign policy in nonrational ways to express current hopes and fears."

But the last explanation has to be used carefully. For too long, Americans, not least some who consider themselves liberals, have dismissed fundamental structural problems as little more than problems of perception and psychology. If U.S. foreign policy has erred, this argument goes, it is because Americans have misperceived the problem. No basic reassessment is required, only a new attitude. Dallek, of course, is too knowledgeable to advocate the power of positive thinking as a cure-all for foreign policy problems. But his approach raises a pivotal question: have the problems at home that shaped or misshaped policies abroad been real, and hence demanding fundamental rethinking, or merely imaginary to the point of being neurotic?

HE ARGUES persuasively, for example, that modern American foreign policy emerged in the 1890s out of the domestic economic and social upheavals of that decade. However, he then uses Richard Hofstadter's famous "psychic crisis" thesis to explain how these domestic upheavals were transformed into global diplomacy through the 1898 war with Spain. "Caught between the aggressive irrationality of his own people and the decadent irrationality of the ancient Latin power," Hofstadter wrote, President William McKinley reluctantly went to war.

That poses the central problem: were McKinley and other Americans nonrational in believing that the nation was in a terrible crisis that overseas expansion could help resolve? The 1893-1898 era, after all, saw the worst economic depression in American history until that time. Armies of the unemployed marched on Washington. Parts of New York, Illinois, and California verged on anarchy. McKinley and many others argued publicly that the crisis resulted from overproduction. The cure was to find overseas markets for the nation's growing glut of goods. The President's diplomacy in the war, the Philippines, and even on the mainland of Asia after 1898 was a perfectly rational response to a well-defined problem. McKinley reacted less to a psychic crisis than to the need for reassessing fundamental parts of the American system.

The same analysis needs to be made of "isolationalism." This has become one of the major themes in American history, as well as a phrase that is again appearing in government reports, especially the dire warnings coming from the Pentagon about Americans turning isolationist if President Reagan's plans to install intermediate-range missiles in Europe are not realized. Dallek explains the major period of isolationism, 1919-1939, as being shaped by a "nativist upsurge," a xenophobic fear of a race of hybrid Americans that, in one nativist's words, would be "as worthless and futile as the good-for-nothing mongrels of Central America and Southeastern Europe." Policy results included the U.S. refusal to recognize the Soviet government until 1933, and the rejection of the League of Nations throughout the era.

A SIGNIFICANT problem exists here, however. While U.S. officials disdained ties to the League, they also worked out a series of agreements in 1921-1922 that, as Dallek notes, affected nearly every part of the globe. The same officials undertook a massive economic offensive to rebuild war-torn Europe while at the same time undercutting the British and French banking power they had long itched to attack. During these "isolationist" years America became the dominant economic power in the world. The apparent contradiction is due to a misunderstanding of what isolationism means in American history.

In the context of two hundred years of American policy, isolationism has meant acting unilaterally, not withdrawing. Thus the Reagan Administration threatens a return to isolationism in the 1980s, but does not reduce its military power, nor does it preach the virtues of economic withdrawal. Isolationism thus becomes a threat to move alone, not to become less involved abroad. Such isolationism may be bad policy, but it is not irrational. It comes, both in the 1920s and 1980s, from a rational assessment that the United States is better off using its unmatched power to do as it pleases instead of being politically tied down by European imperialists (as in the 1920s) or Socialists (in the 1980s).

As he moves beyond the 1930s, Dallek increasingly refers to mass senti-

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ment, as measured in public opinion polls, to argue that Americans have acted abroad for irrational reasons, and have used foreign policy as a "surrogate" for handling frustrations at home. Dallek states it explicitly: as the cold war developed, U.S. foreign policy was set by a "mass mood, dominated by an impulse to invest foreign issues with domestic meanings or to make external actions symbolic extensions of internal concerns." Thus in his view the historic Truman Doctrine of 1947 was motivated by American fear of "domestic forces endangering freedom at home." Three years later, Senator Joseph McCarthy's "irrational explanation for how China had been 'lost' influenced Truman to fight the Korean War."

Dallek thus raises another key question: whether public opinion or elite ideology has had greater influence on U.S. policy since 1945. It is difficult to conclude that the mass public has had a decisive say. In early 1947 White House and public polls revealed little interest in foreign policy and an unnerving willingness to try to negotiate with the Soviets. Truman and his advisers (including Dean Acheson and Paul Nitze) decided to "scare hell" out of Americans, as Senator Arthur Vandenberg phrased it, in order to obtain from Congress what top executive officials had already concluded was required to draw the line against Stalin. In early 1950, Acheson and Nitze again spent months coolly and rationally analyzing what they needed to counter the military and political effects of the new Soviet atomic bomb. The Korean invasion provided the perfect opportunity for them to mobilize the public (not vice versa), and thus, as Acheson later phrased it, Korea "came along and saved us."

This book, then, provides more than an interesting survey of U.S. foreign policy in the twentieth century. It attempts to develop a new synthesis for understanding that policy. In so doing, Dallek raises some of the most important questions that must be asked about past and present diplomacy. He has not retreated into history to avoid current controversies, but used history to open new perspectives on them. Dallek aims to stir up debate, and at that he certainly succeeds.

WALTER LAFEBER

Walter LaFeber teaches at Cornell, and among his books is the forthcoming *Inevitable Revolutions: The U.S. in Central America* (Norton).

VICTORIAN SAGE

Robert Browning: A Life Within Life by Donald Thomas

(Viking, 334 pp., $18.75)

One wonders why Donald Thomas decided to write a biography of Robert Browning so soon after the voluminous, authoritative biographies by Maisie Ward (1967, 1969) and by William Irvine and Park Honan (1974). Mr. Thomas's *Robert Browning: A Life Within Life* adds nothing to our knowledge of Browning, but it is very readable. A British novelist and biographer, Mr. Thomas writes lively prose and briskly paced narrative. His characterizations are superficial (though his characterization of Browning pretends to depth) but do not slow up the narrative. Likewise his readings of the poems are superficial and sometimes inaccurate (as when he says that "A Toccata of Galuppi's" is about seventeenth instead of eighteenth-century Venice or that Fra Lippo Lippi shows "enthusiasm for the seduction of his female models," which is not in the poem), but the readings do not slow up the narrative and may well attract readers to the poems. The relative brevity of this biography is an advantage in that the outline of Browning's life comes clearer in shorter compass.

Mr. Thomas derives his central argument from Henry James's remark about the older Browning whom he knew as an inveterate diner-out in London society, where James found Browning's social manner irreconcilable with his poems. There were, James remarked, "two Brownings—an esoteric and an exoteric. The former never peeps out in society, and the latter has not a ray of suggestion of *Men and Women*." James wrote a story, "The Private Life," about just such a writer. Mr. Thomas argues that beneath the social, well-adjusted surface there lay a deeply disturbed Browning who accounts for the morbid preoccupation of the poems with crimes, evil, madness, and the grotesque. He pursues this argument less consistently than Betty Miller in her Freudian biography of 1952.

Browning's idyllic boyhood may account for his well-adjusted surface. He was raised in an upper middle-class Arcadia near London by cultivated, loving, highly permissive parents. His father was so tenderhearted that he resigned from administering the family plantations in the West Indies because he could not bear to be involved with slavery. He took a clerkship in the Bank of England, and accumulated a large library in which the poet educated himself, reading the out-of-the-way books that contributed to his dazzling erudition. Browning's mother was a pious Congregationalist and an accomplished pianist whose love of animals was such that she could attract butterflies to her. Browning acquired these tastes and talents along with his mother's propensity to violent headaches which, significantly, diminished after his marriage. Despite her piety, Browning's mother bought him at his request (in 1827 when he was fifteen) the atheistical works of Shelley. The Brownings encouraged and subsidized their son's poetic ambitions. Until his marriage to Elizabeth Barrett at thirty-four, Browning lived with his parents in what he described as "a great delight . . . in this prolonged relation of childhood," and in all these years he never failed to kiss his mother goodnight. Mr. Thomas wisely refrains from Freudianizing this situation since it was not so unusual then as it would be now.

SHELLEY'S INFLUENCE led to a short period of atheism and radicalism from which Browning returned to his mother's Nonconformist faith, but in a large way that did not require renunciation of Shelley. The story of this return is told in Browning's first published poem *Pauline* (1833), which was printed anonymously at his aunt's expense and sold not a single copy. Browning's religious position grew steadily more complex but never de-

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parted, as Mr. Thomas rightly says, from the fundamentals of his mother's Nonconformism. His religious meditations, in such poems as *Christmas-Eve* and *Easter-Day* (1850) and *La Saisiaz* (1878), gave him, unfortunately for his reputation as a poet, a commanding position as a religious teacher in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Paracelsus (1835) was Browning's first success, probably because its hero's aspiration for infinite knowledge at the expense of his ability to love appealed to a romantic taste schooled in Goethe's *Faust*, Byron's *Manfred*, and Shelley's "Alastor." It was when Browning developed his own new style and subject matter that he lost his audience. The success of *Paracelsus* led to Browning's meeting with the actor-manager Macready who asked him for a play, and this led to ten years of writing plays which never succeeded on the stage. But the ten years were not totally wasted for Browning must have gained experience that went into the making of his great dramatic monologues. It is significant that among the eight pamphlets called *Bells and Pomegranates* (1841-46), in which most of the plays were published, there appeared two pamphlets—*Dramatic Lyrics* (1842) and *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics* (1845)—which contain Browning's earliest dramatic monologues, including some of his most famous like "My Last Duchess" (1842).

The failure of the plays combined with the notorious failure of Browning's huge narrative poem *Sordello* (1840) to set his career back, Mr. Thomas tells us, by twenty years. *Sordello*—in which Browning remade the style of English poetry, substituting for the traditional Miltonic resonance a strangely hard music—became famous for its obscurity. Jokes were passed around—like Mrs. Carlyle's remark that she did not know after reading the poem whether Sordello was a man, a city, or a book. From then on reviewers, who are always ready to jump on bandwagons, considered Browning a safe target. *Sordello* has particularly interested twentiety-century poets like Ezra Pound, who took their diction from Browning. Pound's reference to *Sordello* in the opening lines of Canto II is hardly, as Mr. Thomas says, "scathing." A professed admirer of Browning's, Pound was expressing admiration when he wrote:

> Hang it all, Robert Browning,
> there can be but the one "Sordello."
> But Sordello, and my Sordello?

In January 1836 Browning published in the *Monthly Repository* over the signature "Z" two dramatic monologues which Mr. Thomas emphasizes for his portrayal of Browning's split personality. They were "Porphyria" (later called "Porphyria's Lover") and "Johannes Agricola" (not yet "Johannes Agricola in Meditation," as Mr. Thomas says). Their significance for Mr. Thomas appears in the 1842 *Dramatic Lyrics* where they are untitled and linked under the general title "Madhouse Cells." Mr. Thomas argues that these first treatments of madness demonstrate Browning's interest in abnormal psychology and also something about Browning's inner life—but he does not specify what. Nor does he tell us the rest of the story—that the poems were still linked in the collected edition of 1849 with their new titles as subheadings, but were completely dissociated in 1863, and that finally in 1868 "Johannes

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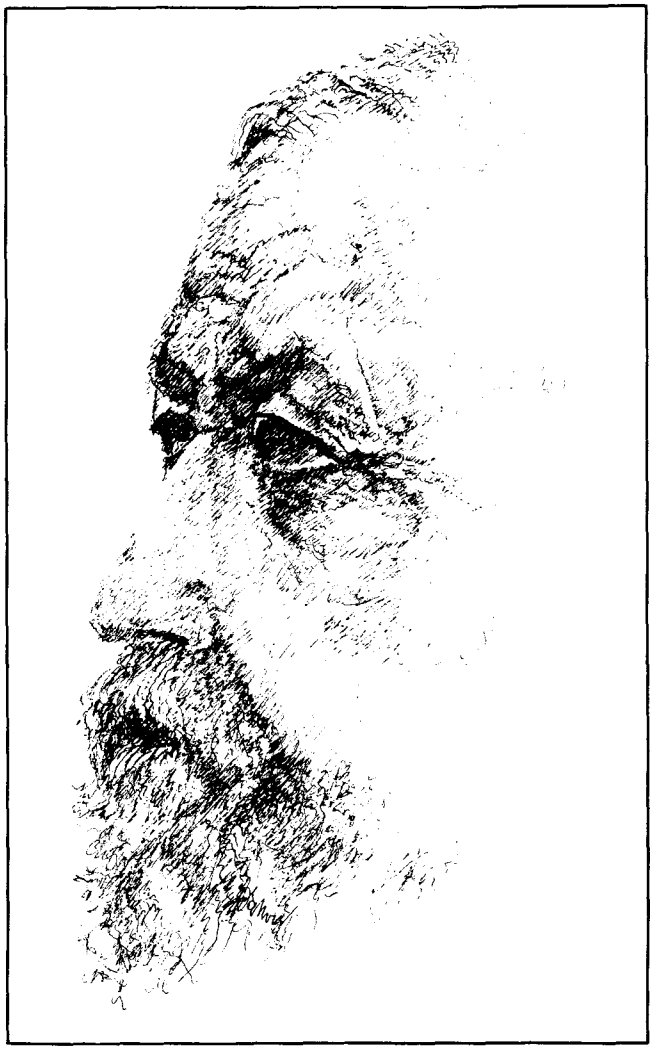
Agricola in Meditation" was moved to another volume, *Men and Women*. Browning apparently decided that Porphyria's lover, who strangles her to express his love, is mad, but that the religious fanatic Johannes is not: his view of reality derives from his strongly held conviction. The same applies to most speakers of Browning's dramatic monologues. Their consistency of world-view signifies not, as Mr. Thomas suggests, a private vision bordering on madness but rather intensity of being.

" 'Madhouse Cells,' " says Mr. Thomas, "offered the first perspective of that inner world whose privacy Browning guarded." He cites the psychoanalyst Alfred Adler to the effect that the criminal, the neurotic, the pietist, and the artist live within the self-devised moral laws of this "life within life." If Adler's unconvincing equation applies to all artists, why make a special case of Browning? Mr. Thomas refers to Adler's statement only once more in the final pages, while throwing out in between other vague suggestions about Browning's neuroses. He makes a pretense of deep character analysis, but his talent is for narrative pure and simple.

The most important event in Browning's life was his meeting with Elizabeth Barrett in 1845. He had tried to see her earlier; but she, a recluse imprisoned in her room with tuberculosis, refused to see strangers. Six years older than Browning (forty to his thirty-four when they married), she was much better known as a poet. When in 1844 she complimented his poetry in a poem of hers, he took the opportunity to reply on January 10, 1845, with the famous opening words of their love letters: "I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett . . . and I love you too." He soon began to visit her, but fortunately for posterity they continued writing to each other between visits.

Mr. Thomas sums up their respective situations by saying that both had Nonconformist sympathies, that both their families partly owed their wealth to slave-owning plantations in the West Indies, and that poetry was for both "the sole path to salvation from the dissatisfactions of their lives." Either the last statement applies to all poets, or Mr. Thomas pushes his thesis about Browning's inner disturbance too far by comparing Browning's dissatisfactions with Elizabeth's. He might have added that both, when they met, were living in a state of protracted childhood.

Elizabeth kept Browning's visits and their correspondence secret, for her father would have forbidden both. Mr. Thomas tries to say a few favorable things, which isn't easy, about Edward Moulton Barrett, who has come down in literary legend as an authoritarian ogre. He tells us that Mr. Barrett encouraged Elizabeth's poetic career, though he censored the books in his library that she might read. Mr. Barrett loved his children provided they obeyed him implicitly and did not, whether sons or daughters, permit themselves, as Elizabeth put it, "one class of feelings"—the sexual.



ROBERT BROWNING BY DAVID SCHORR FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

By September 1846 it seemed certain that their secret would be discovered and that they would be separated by Mr. Barrett's plan to move his family out of London to permit the Wimpole Street house to be cleaned and painted. Browning decided on immediate action. The lovers were married secretly and a week later eloped to Florence where they spent the whole of their married life, with summers in the hills and occasional trips to Rome, Paris, and London. Mr. Barrett cut Elizabeth out of his will and for the rest of her life refused to open her letters.

Marriage and the Italian climate improved Elizabeth's health enormously. She made and received visits; she traveled; she even, after four miscarriages, gave birth to a boy, Robert Weidemann Barrett Browning, whom they called Pen and spoiled extravagantly. Three years before her death in 1861, however, Elizabeth began to show signs of dying.

After Elizabeth's death, Browning, who was then close to fifty, settled with Pen in London. There followed the great mystery for Browning's biographers—that seventeen years elapsed before Browning returned to Italy, and even then he returned to Venice and Asolo but never to Florence. Betty Miller in her biography concludes from this that the Brownings' marriage was less happy than previously thought. Mr. Thomas refers to, but does not quote, a letter of May 1867 to the Brownings' friend in Florence, Isa Blagden, in which Browning writes: "I don't in the least know . . . how I should feel on seeing old sights again. The general impression of the past is as if it had been pain. I would not live it over again, not one day of it. Yet all that seems my real *life*,—and before and after, nothing at all." Mr. Thomas does not take a clear stand on the question, but it seems to me that the last sentence, read in context, suggests that it was *love* of Elizabeth that kept Browning from returning to Florence.

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They had, of course, the disagreements inevitable between two intelligent people. He disapproved of her interest in spiritualism and her admiration of Napoleon III. He also disapproved, more than Mr. Thomas indicates, of the way she kept Pen in long curls and hermaphroditic clothing. But the pain of those years must have come mainly from worry over her health and from his neglect as a writer when her poetic career grew ever more successful. His repressed resentment over the long wait for recognition (he later described to Edmund Gosse "the long-drawn desolateness of his early and middle life as a literary man") accounts for certain oddities of behavior during his successful London years—his too obvious delight in being lionized socially and his explosive, often coarsely expressed wrath at any attack on his poetry or Elizabeth's. All the buried resentment of the earlier years was contained in the later explosions.

It is true that he was less productive during his married years than before or after. But it is also true that he wrote and published during those years his best volume, *Men and Women* (1855), and that before Elizabeth's death he planned his great verse novel, *The Ring and the Book* (1868-69), and wrote or began some of the poems—"Mr. Sludge, 'The Medium,' " for example, his attack on spiritualism—that were to appear in his other successful volume, *Dramatis Personae* (1864). *The Ring and the Book* and *Dramatis Personae* finally brought Browning recognition, because by then a new generation had arrived which was ready for him. His work was championed by younger poets like Rossetti and the other Pre-Raphaelites.

Mr. Thomas is particularly effective on the later years where he gives up character analysis and sticks to narrative. He tells us that Pen became a mediocre painter whose career Browning spent too much effort promoting. Pen married an American heiress, but the marriage broke up after Browning's death because of Pen's womanizing. Browning, who remained faithful to Elizabeth through many platonic friendships with women, did at one point propose to the rich and beautiful Lady Louisa Ashburton, but in such a way that the poor lady had to refuse. He apparently told her that "my heart was buried in Florence, and the attractiveness of a marriage with her lay in its advantage to Pen." Browning in old age

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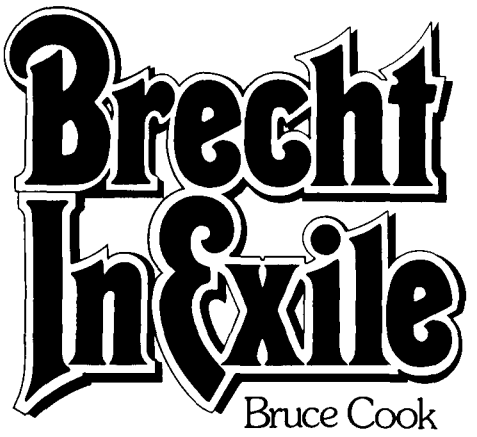

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had all the honors heaped upon him that he could have desired. He even lived to see the founding of the Browning Societies, which studied his poems as though they were sacred texts.

Browning died at seventy-seven in Pen's Venetian palazzo on December 12, 1889, the publication date of *Asolando*: a telegram informed him of its excellent sales and notices. Although he had planned to be buried alongside Elizabeth, the Protestant cemetery in Florence was full; so Pen accepted for him the supreme honor of burial in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Thomas describes beautifully the sumptuous funeral accorded him by Venice and the distinguished burial in Westminster Abbey. Despite its limitations, Donald Thomas's biography remains an entertaining and mainly sound introduction for those readers who do not want to spend the time required by the longer biographies.

ROBERT LANGBAUM

Robert Langbaum, who is James Branch Cabell Professor of English at the University of Virginia, has written about Browning in his book *The Poetry of Experience: The Dramatic Monologue in Modern Literary Tradition* (Norton). His latest book is *The Mysteries of Identity: A Theme in Modern Literature* (University of Chicago Press).

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

compromise truth only in the name of order or freedom, the Church can use God as an excuse for appeasement. Individuals may sacrifice themselves for truth, but institutions? Never. Pragmatism, not idealism, is the companion of power. If the Polish people, in their struggle for freedom and justice, want a reliable ally, they will have to depend upon themselves, not the Church.

JUDITH MORRILL
Kenosha, Wisconsin

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A YEAR AGO a gentleman called Herbert White opened a bar in Washington to which he hoped to attract the artists, performing artists, and writers who have so enlivened this city over the last decades. With an imaginative artistry of his own, he called his bar simply Herb's, and had the good sense to open it four doors from my own house. He has made a great success of it, surviving even the ill-conceived welcome of *The Washington Post*, which called Herb's "The Algonquin of the South." One ceases to be surprised that one may be served at the bar by the acclaimed young choreographer Daniel West, or that one may be served at dinner by Martha Thimmesch, a young actress who has been playing in a much praised local production of *Equus*.

I HAD DINED at Herb's one evening with an old friend who is just finishing a novel that he has been working on for six years. I too am trying to finish a book, and we meet there from time to time, to feed each other whatever pabulum will revive our flagging egos. We were sitting at the bar after dinner, when we were joined by Martha Thimmesch, who may be briefly described as a sight for an aging novelist's eyes, to say nothing of an aging English journalist's. She had been sunbathing all day, which may have explained her burning flush. But it could not explain her tremor of excitement. She announced that she had just served an English punk rock group. I asked what they were called. (I try to keep up with the cultural achievements of my country.) She answered: " 'The Mindless Wonders' or something." Before she could tell us much, she nodded, "Here they come," and I turned round to see that the five stools next to me were being occupied by five young men who were unmistakably punk: their hair cut so that no comb could rule it; their clothes, which might have been picked off the backs of a motorcycle gang or a dying Bedouin, were defiantly *not* coordinates. We observed, listened, and whispered for a while. They were, in fact, not English, but Scottish; and since I am proud of my Scottish birth, I at length turned to greet these kinsmen, these descendants of Robert Burns. Now, it must be explained that "bastard" can be an address of affection in Britain. To be greeted, "How are you, you old bastard?" is welcoming. I said: "It's nice to hear you bastards speaking the language of my native land. Welcome to Washington." Perhaps not as courtly a speech as when a troupe of strolling players are welcomed in Shakespeare, but fair enough in the circumstances, and I am sure that it was said with a friendly smile. The young man sitting next to me bristled. For once that verb is accurate. The punk hair, already on end, stiffened and bristled. My genial welcome was met with a stream of Glasgow invective of which I will report only the bare bones: "Y'willna ca' us bastards and, in fact, y' willna talk to us at a'. Tak' y' glasses off, so I may smash y' face." To his right sat what I took to be a West Indian from Glasgow, who sat impassive (and menacing) all evening behind his dark glasses. My eyes caught the stiffening bodies of the three others of the group who were lined up behind. Discretion is not, in Scottish eyes, the better part of valor. But then I have been softened. I turned back, hurt, to my companions.

HOWEVER, the glorious young actress was sitting between me and the novelist. Of course, if their Scots blood had been running true, the punk rock stars would have trampled over me to reach her. Instead, the one named Steve bought her a drink, and then came round to pay his respects to her. It suddenly occurred to me that Miss Thimmesch had not joined two aging writers for our company, but so that she might be sitting decorously at the bar when the "Simple Minds"—which turned out to be the real name of their group—came to have a drink there. Such are the wounds of senescence. I finally turned round to the one who had rebuffed me. I opened my mouth to try a new opening. He interrupted me: "I was a wee bit rough on y'. I apologize"; and what emerged then, as he accepted a drink from me, and we began to talk, was interesting and even important. In the first place, he had believed that I was English, and no *Englishman* has the right to call a *Scot* a bastard. As I slipped into my own Scots accent, my credentials were accepted—well, almost. "Where in Scotland do y' come fra'?" "Arbroath." "That's no' Scotland. That's on the east coast." But that's a longstanding friendly rivalry. Since I once described in TNR my feelings when my Scots accent was taken out of me by English public schools ("Chips of Memory," July 1, 1978), I understood his suspicions.

BUT THERE were also the resentments of class. Punk is a legitimate working-class protest in Britain: the distinct protest of a working class which sees no way up or out. I had already pointed out to my friend, when they first sat down, the scrawny working-class arms, which tell of a kind of poor diet still common in Britain, and which you never see now in America. And what I had met in the first invective, and what made me tread warily from then on, was what I had also forgotten in America: the rigidness of the class barriers in Britain, the confined lives in the British slums, the pent-up resentment which explodes into violence after soccer matches, the suspicion of the working class of what might be any supercilious approach—all of it finding a dramatic expression in punk. As I talked to Michael about his life and the music—"I wasna' very interested in the music at first. It was just a way out, y' know. But now, aye, I am interested in the music" (they have eight albums)—I was back in Sauchiehall Street, that great street of Glasgow, which used to run with beer and whisky and a little blood after the Celtic-Rangers match. Nothing has changed—"The Two Nations" of Disraeli are still there 150 years later—and I am sad for my country.

I FOUND STEVE AND MICHAEL engaging—they were full of intelligence and a wayward Scottish charm. But when the drinks were cleared from the bar at 2 AM (the law in Washington), Steve threw himself forward till his face was an inch from the bartender's: "Y' dinna tak' awa' my drink without my permission." I thought of intervening—exercising some diplomacy between my two countries—but decided on discretion. I and the novelist quietly left with food for thought and material for our typewriters.

HENRY FAIRLIE

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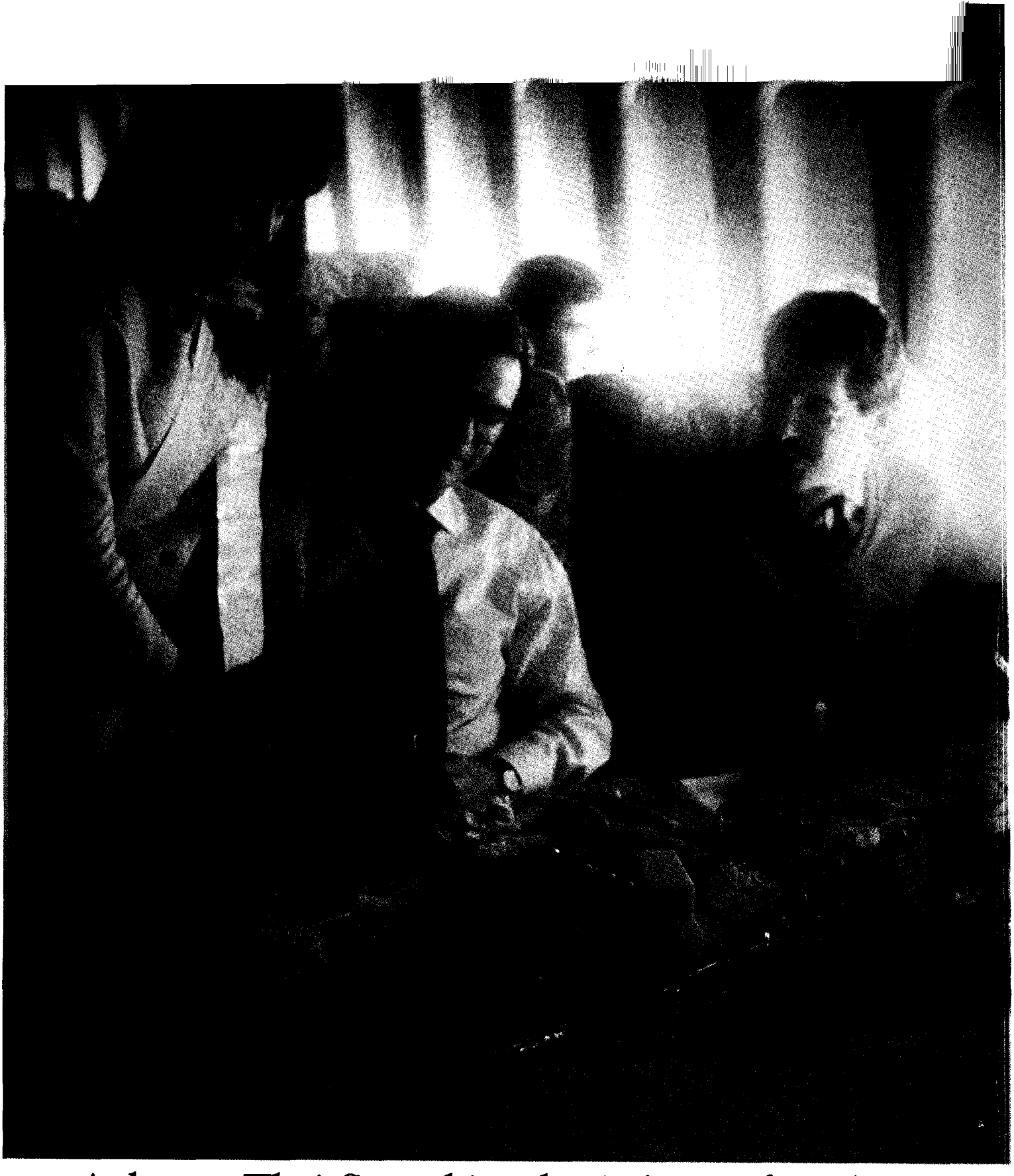

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